



No. 501.—Vol. XXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1902.

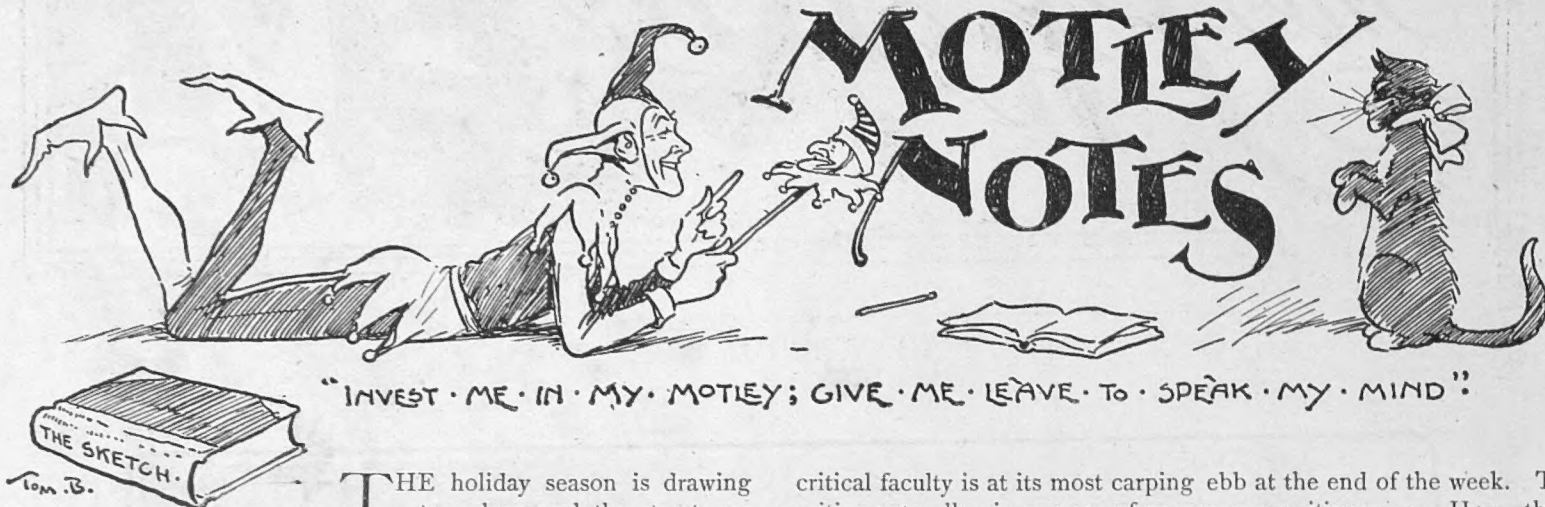
SIXPENCE.



LA TORTAJADA,

THE CELEBRATED SPANISH DANCER WHO HAS JUST CONCLUDED A LONG ENGAGEMENT AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



THE holiday season is drawing to a close, and the streets are filling up again with ridiculously pink-faced Londoners. I sincerely hope that this mania for getting sun-fried will not last much longer. One would not object to the craze so much if only it could be confined to people whose skins are suitable for cooking. An honest tan is rather becoming than otherwise, but the appearance presented by the ordinary flabby-skinned Cockney on his return from a fortnight's persistent exposure at one of the cheaper seaside resorts is an insult to the intelligence of the stay-at-home worker who sees the whole of the game. I am far from wishing to offend the susceptibilities of the scorched, but I feel it my duty to point out to them that an insignificant nose will never gain in dignity from the fact that the sun has grilled it in one place and robbed it of its natural covering in another. The feminine portion of the population, I notice, are far more sensible in this matter of the holiday complexion. They realise, I suppose, that it is quite possible to look wave-washed without advertising an ill-judged contempt for the homely towel.

It amuses me to note the evident relief with which the majority of Londoners regain their Clubs, their offices, and their back-gardens. If you can coax them into the mood confidential, most of them will admit that the last part of the holiday was very boring. And then I chuckle, for the admission goes to support my theory that our system of holiday-making is fundamentally wrong. A man who goes away in a sound state of health derives a great deal of benefit from the first week's change. During the second week he begins to get restive. The third week finds him spoiling for work, and the fourth week of compulsory idleness makes him stale. It is all very well to stop the machine until the bearings have cooled; it is quite another thing to allow it to get rusty. Mind you, I do not wish to dictate upon this subject; I am aware that it is no part of the humble Fool's office to lay down the law. And yet the Fool, as he stands behind the chair of his master, is in an excellent position to watch over the interests of those at the table. It never enters into his head, of course, to warn them off a dish for which he himself happens to cherish a particular fancy.

The writer of the interesting theatrical notes in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been trying to raise yet another discussion as to the value, from the managerial point of view, of theatrical criticisms. It seems that some misguided manager has been rash enough to repeat that Press notices of a new piece are worthless. He adds, with somewhat belated sapience, that it is the people who talk who advertise a piece, and not the people who write. The dear man, of course, overlooks the fact that the critic serves an uncommonly useful purpose in starting the talk. A man of more than ordinary intelligence, and compelled, by various forces, to air his intelligence, he naturally sets his critical faculties to work, contributes as many ideas as possible to the discussion, and so starts the snowball of chatter upon which the manager battens. However long a play may run, you will never hear a comment on it that was not made immediately after the production by one or other of these much-ridiculed critics. I am not a dramatic critic myself, but I am, nevertheless, able to foster a good deal of respect for the craft as a whole.

Having proved, then, to my own satisfaction, that theatrical journalism is one of the managerial assets, I may be allowed to express surprise that managers do not take more trouble to conciliate the critics. Setting aside the revoltingly stomachic idea that the opinions of men of genius are to be stultified by a liberal administration of poultry and effervescing wine, it certainly seems to me that a manager should have more consideration for his own pocket than to re-open his theatre on a Saturday. Surely, he must be aware that the

critical faculty is at its most carping ebb at the end of the week. The critic, naturally, is a man of nerves, a sensitive man. How, then, after a week of strenuousness, of idealism, of yearning, can he be expected to do justice to the soul-searching kind of entertainment that is so frequently set before him on a Saturday night? Why, from his youth up he has been trained to look upon Saturday night as a time of ablution, mental as well as physical. Deprive him of his cerebral soap and his imaginative water, and how can you expect him to cleanse his critical way? On behalf of the Dramatic Critics of London, I protest against this unnatural perversion of Saturday night.

Some correspondents of the *Spectator*, I note with amusement, are quite concerned for the physical and mental well-being of the inhabitants of Achill Island. By the merest chance in the world, I happen to be acquainted with Achill Island, having visited it as recently as two years ago. I am interested, therefore, to read the remarks of one letter-writer, who describes Keel as a squalid village, and accuses the people of Keel of hopeless, insuperable idleness. My own impressions of the place are very different. The village, I admit, is small enough, but it is far from being squalid. On the contrary, the cottages are well-built, the people are happy and industrious, and the natural advantages of the place are superior to those of any seaside resort in England. In fact, my recollections of Keel are delightful in the extreme, and I look forward to the time when I may be able to pay a second visit. With regard to the rest of the island, I found none of the semi-savagery that is made so much of by the *Spectator's* correspondents. On the contrary, the residents, particularly the inn-keepers and car-drivers, seemed to me to be a particularly shrewd lot of people.

The surest way to attain fame nowadays is to attempt some foolhardy feat of a purely physical nature. Within the last two or three weeks, we have idolised Diavolo and worshipped at the shrine of Holbein. The former aroused our sympathies because he was attempting to fracture his skull; the latter monopolised our attention for the reason that he was likely to drown himself. If you turn up the back numbers of your daily paper, you will find as much space devoted to the doings of Mr. Holbein as was set aside for the reconstruction of the Cabinet. That is to say, the majority of the British public are so blind to their own interests that they would just as soon read about the exploits of a swimmer as take into consideration a really important change in the administration of their country's affairs. If I were a Cabinet Minister, I should immediately throw over the cares of legislation and advertise the fact that I was about to hang by my teeth from the roof of the London Hippodrome for six days in succession. Imagine the result! No longer should I be looked upon as a mere butt for the casual leader-writer in a hurry; rather should I receive enthusiastic treatment at the hands of the best descriptive writer that the paper could afford.

I'm afraid we shall never get rid of this deplorable muscle-worship so long as the Londoner continues to patronise the halfpenny evening paper at the expense of the more level-headed breakfast journal. By the way, it is rather odd that evening papers, concocted during the chilling hours of the forenoon, should be so much more hysterical in tone than the morning papers, which are welded whilst the majority of folk are in a state of relaxation. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the evening papers exist, mainly, on the grosser tastes of humanity, and are, therefore, to be regarded in the light of a national danger. How, I ask, can we expect to retain our proud position as the foremost nation in the world when the thoughts of the homeward citizen are entirely given over to the consideration of horses, cricketers, prize-fighters, swimmers, and trick-cyclists?

Chicot



PRODUCTION OF "IF I WERE KING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER. (SEE PAGE 252.)

THE CLUBMAN.

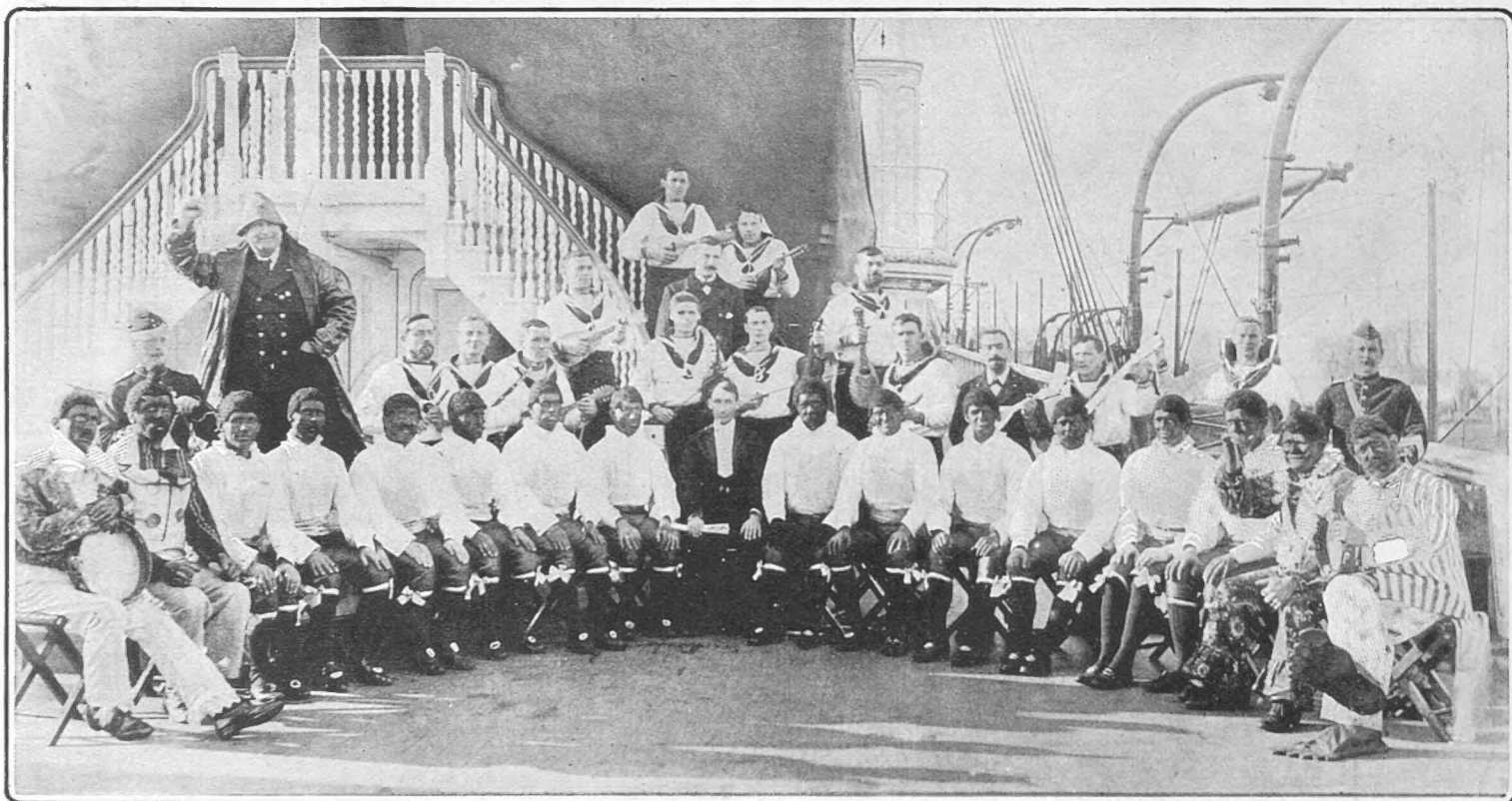
Royal Presents—Delarey's Little Jokes—Desolation in Clubland.

IT is difficult to write of the Belgian ride for officers without being betrayed into strong language. It was cruel, brutal, and unnecessary. The man who would ride a favourite charger to death, except for some cause of such importance that he would give his own life for it if necessary, can have none of the nobler emotions. To kill a splendid animal in order to see how long its strength will enable it to bear up against prolonged agony is almost as sinful as to kill a man to see how long he will be a-dying.

Our late Imperial guest, the Shah, has sent to many of those minor officials who have made his stay in England a pleasant one a handsome Persian carpet apiece. This is a pleasant, a novel, and a useful variation of the usual Royal gift in acknowledgment of service performed, which generally takes the form of a cigarette-case with the initials of the donor on it, or some small but handsome piece of jewellery, such as a pin or sleeve-links. There are many men who have a case-full of little articles given them by Sovereigns who would appreciate vastly the combination of beauty and usefulness. The Kaiser sometimes makes presents of china, and a not unfrequent gift from the Czar is an enamelled tea-service; but even Monarchs have

and go to Homburg, or one of the other German or Austrian watering-places, to go through their "cure" before the first cold nip of autumn makes itself felt. Comparatively few of these went to their usual foreign haunts when the festivities were over, for by the end of August the nights at Karlsbad and Marienbad become chilly, and there is everywhere the sound of mattresses being beaten with canes as a preparation for hibernation, and on the terrace of the Kurhaus at Homburg people in coats and cloaks walk quickly up and down after dinner instead of sitting and listening to the band. That the King was going to cruise in British waters and was not going to any Continental health-resort undoubtedly made some difference in the number of people going from England to the foreign "cure" places; and lastly, but not least, the people of the neighbouring countries on the Continent have not been so friendly towards us of late that anybody feels any great longing to put British gold into French or German or Austrian pockets.

Whether it be that all the Clubmen are shooting the partridges, or doctoring their gout, or idling by the sea, there are certainly few of them now in London. The departure of the Shah was the signal for the final rush from town, and the officers of the various corps which had to find guards on the State occasions, and the weary officials of the Lord Chamberlain's department, packed away their uniforms and got out their gun-cases on the day His Majesty left London. In one



"THE SONS OF THE SEA" MINSTRELS AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE ROYAL YACHT. THE COMPANY IS ENTIRELY DRAWN FROM THE CREW OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

to consider weight of baggage when travelling, and a despatch-box full of Orders for the major officials and another full of valuable trinkets for the minor ones are the gifts that travelling Rulers generally carry with them.

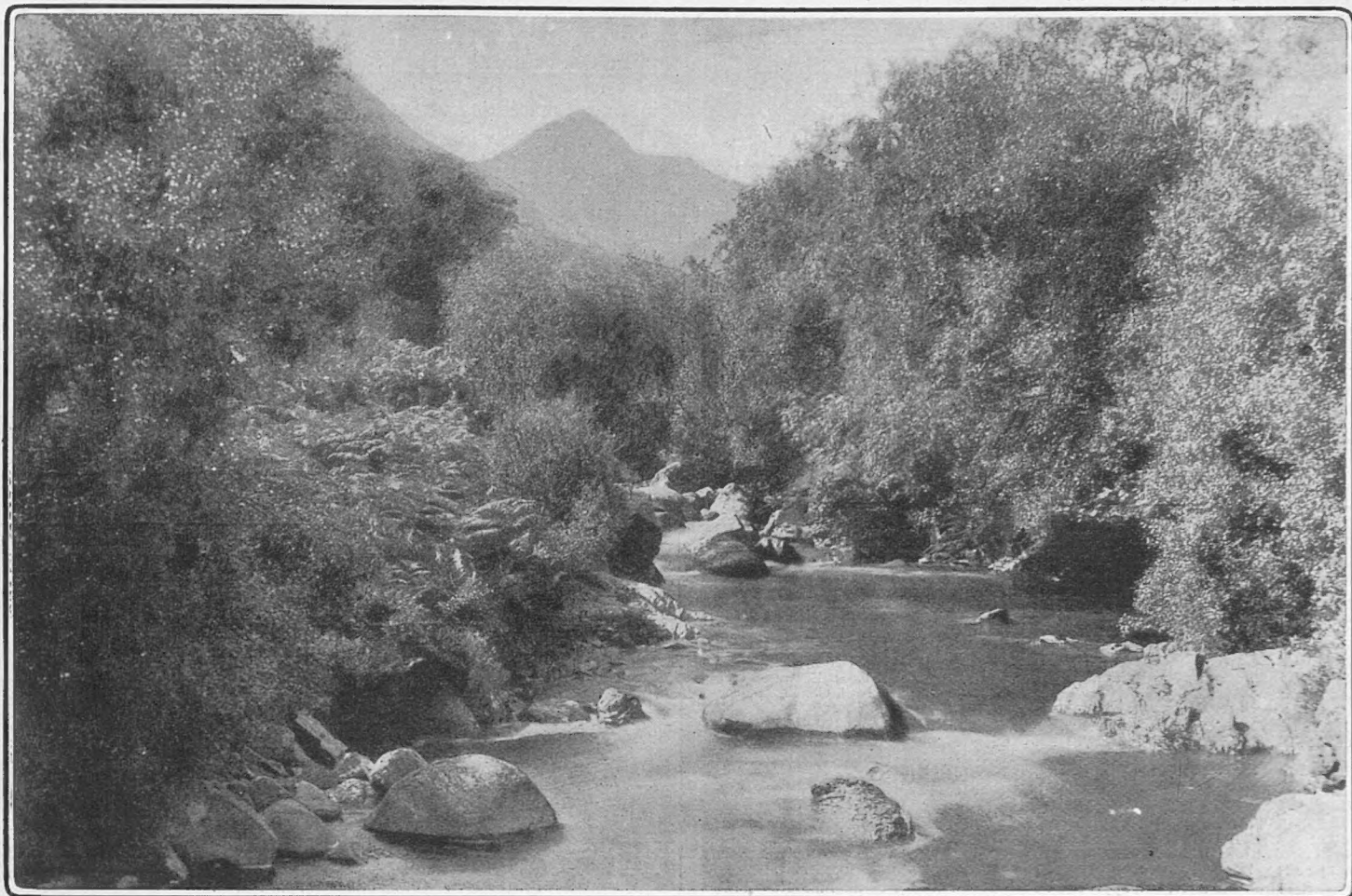
Most Boers have some sense of humour, generally of rather a grim kind, and General Delarey has developed into quite a wit. All the officers who, involuntarily, had the pleasure of meeting him during the period of the War preceding the Vereeniging Conference bear witness to the fact that he was a generous adversary, and after peace was assured, while Botha taught our Staff Officers how to play "Bridge," Delarey kept them amused with his jokes. His quotation from Holy Writ when he heard that an elderly General had gone home to England to get married was much to the point, even if it was not very complimentary, and during his flying visit to England he was as full of fun as a schoolboy is in holiday-time. When the three Boer Generals visited Portsmouth, he appeared to be much struck by the cut of the trousers of Jack the "Handy Man," and at last he seemed to have solved a problem that was puzzling him. "I know," he said; "they have taken the pattern from Mr. Kruger." Anyone who ever saw "Oom Paul" at Pretoria dressed in his best would appreciate the remark.

London is, I think, just now more deserted than I have ever known it before, and the country, British seaside places, Spas, and country-houses fuller than they have been for many years past in September. The Coronation kept in England many of the nobility and M.P.'s who, as a rule, manage to secure "pairs" early in July,

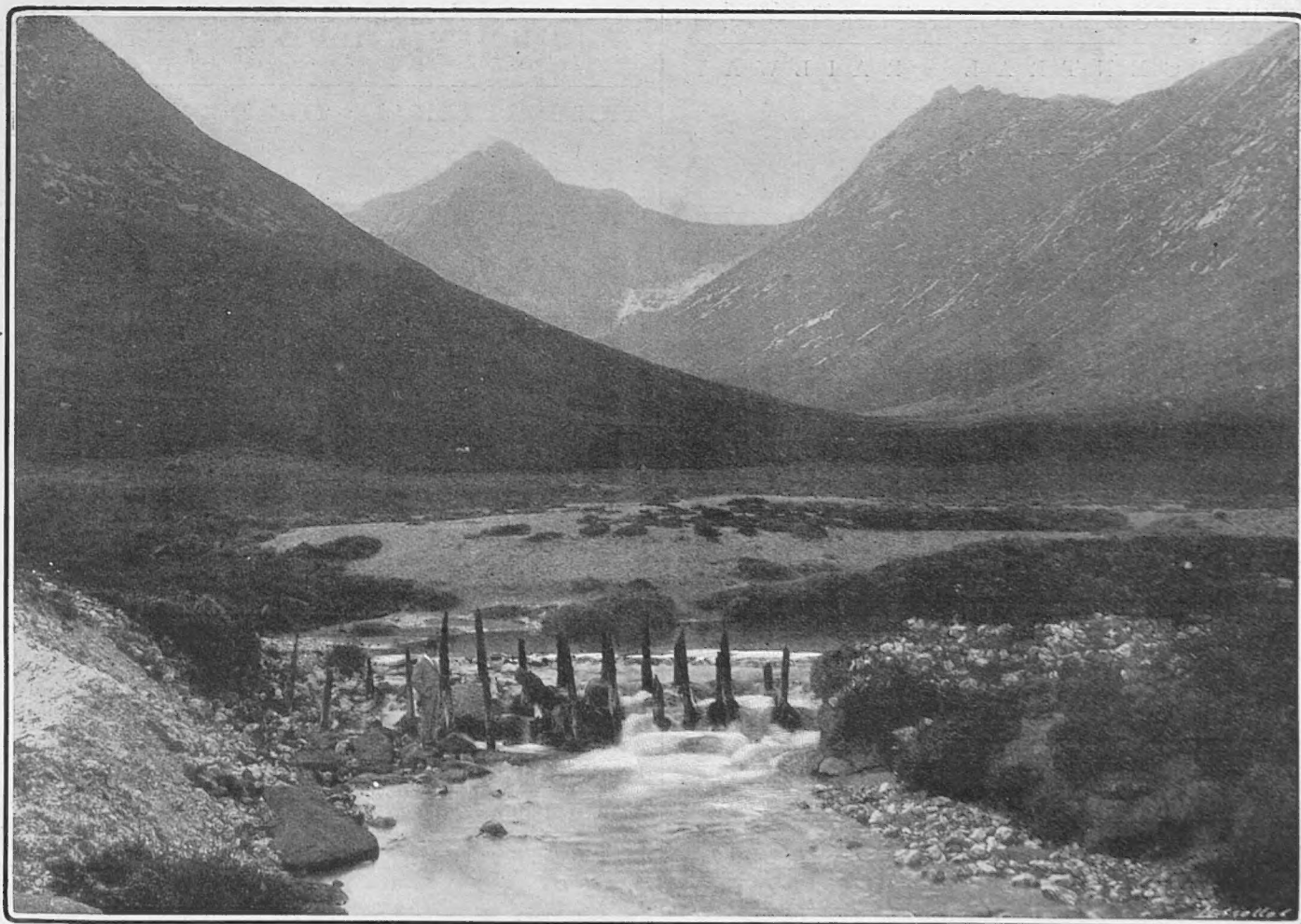
big Club-house into which I went on Sunday last, I found but twenty members, the representatives of two Clubs, dining, and most of them were not in dress-clothes, a very unusual thing and a sign that the "off-season" is at its lowest depth. Most of the Clubs in Pall Mall and in Piccadilly are repairing damages after the severe knocking-about their façades have received from the erecting and taking down of stands on two occasions. The Garrick, though not on the Coronation route, appears also to be in the hands of workmen, and I am told that some alterations are being made in its fine, roomy hall.

Life at sea, though eminently healthy, is apt to become a little monotonous. Hence Jack, with time hanging heavy on his hands, interests himself in all sorts of ways—tailoring, shoemaking, fancy-work, and various other employments. But all work and no play is proverbially bad for him, so on almost every ship in the Service Dramatic Societies and minstrel troupes are popular features. These often attain to a high degree of excellence, and officers and men mingle together in pleasant artistic fellowship, the iron bonds of discipline notwithstanding. The Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* is, naturally, not behindhand in this way; indeed, it boasts an excellent troupe of minstrels. When the vessel was lying in Brodick Bay, Isle of Arran, "The Sons of the Sea" had the honour of giving a two hours' performance before their Majesties and the distinguished guests on board. The entertainment was most successful, not a single hitch occurring, and the King and Queen were much amused by some of the items. His Majesty afterwards congratulated Mr. Colwill, who was responsible for the arrangements.

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF ARRAN, RECENTLY VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN.



GLEN SANNON, FROM THE BRIDGE.



GLEN ROSA, SHOWING SALMON STAKES.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

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DONCASTER CUP, SEPT. 12.

In connection with above Races the GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY will run Cheap Fast Excursions (First and Third Class) from London to Doncaster as under—

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MARYLEBONE dep.	noon. 12 0	a.m. 8 45	a.m. 7 25
MARYLEBONE "	p.m. 2 0

The above trains will arrive at and depart from St. James Bridge Station. First and Third Class Single Tickets at Ordinary Fares will also be issued by the above trains.
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SAM FAY, General Manager.
London, August 1902.

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	Each Race-Day.	Monday, Sept. 8.	
King's Cross ... dep.	a.m. 9 ⁵³	p.m. 3 18	
Doncaster arr.	12 ⁵³	6 28	
	Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Sept. 9, 10, and 11.	Friday, Sept. 12.	Saturday, Sept. 13.
Doncaster dep.	p.m. 6 ⁵	p.m. 4 30	a.m. 0 ³⁹
King's Cross arr.	9 ¹¹	8 5	1 ²

* Luncheon or Dining Cars for First and Third Class passengers are attached to these trains, and passengers who desire to travel in the Cars must take Luncheon or Dinner Tickets at the Booking Office, King's Cross, or Station Master's Office, Doncaster, respectively.

† Will stop at Wood Green, Alexandra Park, to set down passengers desiring to visit Alexandra Park Races.

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For full particulars of Fares, &c., see bills, to be obtained at Company's Stations and Town Offices.
OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

"IF I WERE KING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY certainly may be congratulated upon having given us one of the most romantic of our modern romantic plays, and, of course, it is known that, if you use the word romantic, you may throw common sense to the winds. In fact, the term *moyen âge* is almost coat-of-mail against the charge of absurdity, and, instead of picking out absolute incongruities, the critic must content himself with saying whether the piece lies within the limits of its peculiar class, and he may fairly say that it does. It is the nature of such plays to be extravagant, to ignore probabilities, and to scorn history—three characteristics of the piece in question; and if they offer pretty passages of strained sentiment, lively incident, a rousing fight or two, a note of pathos, a touch of Quixotism, and a good deal of high-falutin' love-making, they fulfil their obligations. Mr. McCarthy's work, with its story of the drunken, dissolute poet suddenly reformed by love and as suddenly made second man in France by a whimsical King on condition of being hanged in seven days—a condition one knows that the King, or rather, the dramatist, would never dare enforce—serves capitally for the purposes of the St. James's. There may be no very thrilling moments, except at the end of the first Act, and at times one wishes that the piece would come to grips a little more quickly; but, after all, a pretty fairy-tale is told and charming verses are recited, there is plenty of brave talk, and it ends well enough with its curious contest of wits. Mr. Alexander is quite at his best in the part of Villon, and his love-making and recitations are admirable; the audience was delighted by his work. Miss Sheldon, in the part of Huguette, a sploshy piece of grotesque sentimentalism, appeared to get more applause than Miss Julie Opp as Katherine, but it seemed to me that the work of the latter was of much higher quality; whilst both were decidedly effective, Miss Sheldon was guilty of restlessness and over-acting. Mr. Charles Fulton, if at times he seemed to be imitating the Louis XI. of Sir Henry Irving, certainly gave very useful aid to the play.

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Sept. 3, 1902.

Signature.....

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Best of Good Luck!

The prettiest incident of their Majesties' delightful cruise in British waters was certainly that of the little urchin who ran along beside the Royal carriage and flung a sprig of white heather at his Sovereign. The King was evidently touched, and remarked, loud enough to be heard by the onlookers, "This will bring me luck!" His Majesty is said to share Queen Victoria's interest in Scottish superstitions and old-world observances. A sprig of white heather has long been closely associated with good luck in our Royal Family—in fact, since the memorable day when the future Emperor Frederick, while riding in the neighbourhood of Abergeldie, offered the youthful Princess Royal a sprig of the modest little moorland blossom as a token of his hopes.

During his brief visit to Arran the King was also the recipient of a sprig of white heather—this time from the hand of a tiny Highland lass. Arran is the property of Lady Mary Hamilton, the only child of one of His Majesty's closest early friends, the late Duke of Hamilton, and of the Duchess of Devonshire's eldest daughter by her first marriage.

Queen Alexandra's Birthplace.

Rarely does it happen that an English visitor to Copenhagen fails to make a pilgrimage to the plain-looking residence shown in the illustration. It is of more than common interest, for here it was that Queen Alexandra was born on Dec. 1, 1844, and here it was that she was educated, principally by her parents, both of whom were talented. Her mother in particular was a clever musician and artist.

An Imperial Birthday Visit.

There seems no doubt that the German Emperor intends to spend the 9th of November in this country. Whereas in France birthdays, even those of the most important personages, are not regarded with any special interest, in the Fatherland a natal day is considered, very properly, as a memorable date, and the Kaiser doubtless wishes to prove once more how great and fervent is his affection for his maternal relations. It is said in Berlin that the German Empress and the Crown Prince will also spend the second week of November in England, and that a great family gathering of Royal personages will take place at Sandringham.

The British Representative in the Lebanon.

There is some excitement in the Lebanon, where the Turkish Governor died a month or two back, and the Powers are busy discussing the qualifications of the men put forward by the Sublime Porte as his successor. A great many interests are to be considered, for the district that comes under the rule of the Governor

contains a large number of folk who are not Mohammedans, but Christians, and their welfare is looked after by the Great Powers, or some of them. Russia and France have special interests, and Great Britain is considerably concerned. Our representative out there is the Consul-General for Syria, Robert Drummond Hay, a diplomat of high standing and much experience, who knows a great deal about the Eastern mind. He is the eldest child of the late Sir John Drummond Hay, who was for forty years Great Britain's representative in Morocco, where his fame lives to this day from "Tanja of the Nazarenes" in the

north to Marrakusha-al-Hamra in the south. Mr. Drummond Hay is a fluent speaker and writer of Arabic, and accompanied his father more than once to the Moorish Court, so that he has quite an uncommon insight into the Mohammedan mind.

New Inn.

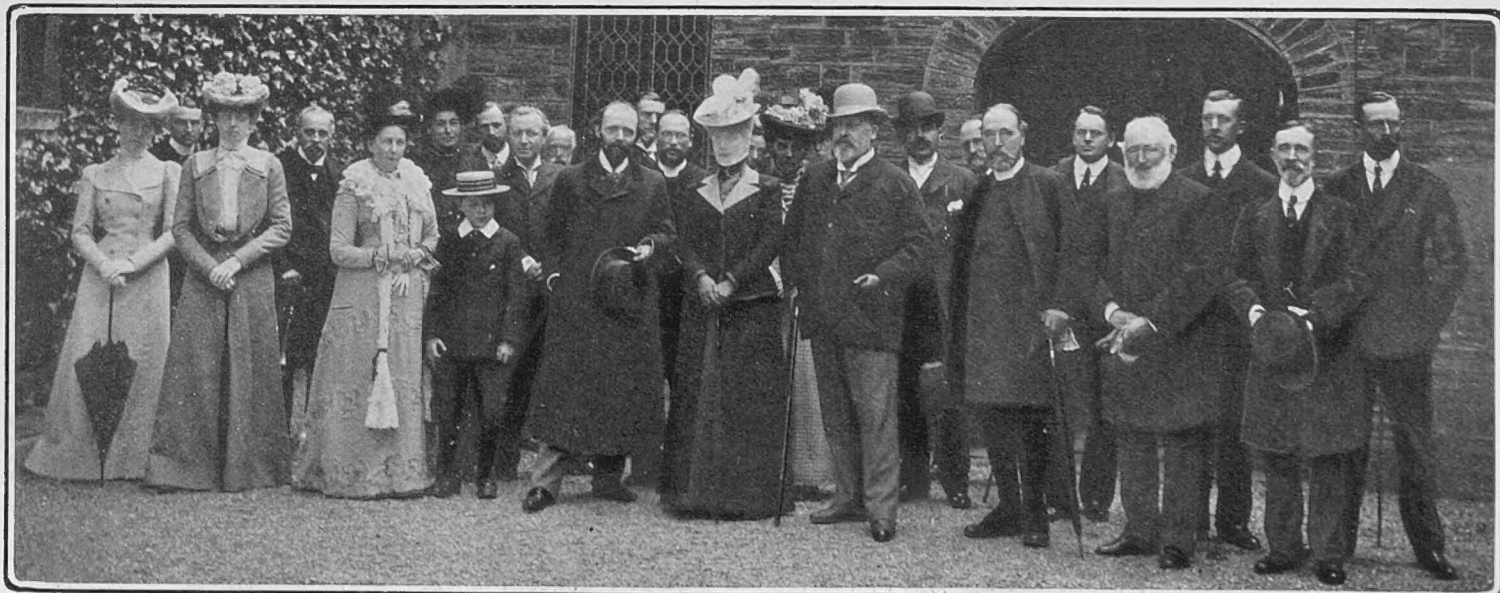
A day or two ago, I passed down Wych Street and found it dim with that floating haze of dust which comes from the work of the house-breakers. I turned into New Inn, under the old archway, and found it half-destroyed and most of the ancient red-brick houses nearly level with the ground. The buildings were absolutely sound and would have lasted many a year, and have formed a pleasant link with past centuries and the London of to-day, but when once the craze for destruction has come upon a community there seems no limit to it. The wrecking of New Inn was absolutely unnecessary, for the street from Holborn to the Strand might well have passed it by. No one can regret the Gaiety Theatre and St. Mary-le-Strand, but New Inn, with its quiet square and little, old-world garden, should have been spared. I am glad to see, however, that the stand put up for the Coronation round St. Clement Danes has been removed, and it would not be a bad thing if the authorities took advantage of the holidays to pull down the long, gaunt rows of seats that still disfigure the Strand between the two churches.



THE YELLOW PALACE AT COPENHAGEN, THE BIRTHPLACE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Princess Charles of Denmark.

Captain Hedworth Lambton.



Princess Victoria.

Mr. Hall Caine. The Queen.

The King.

Bishop Straton.

VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO THE ISLE OF MAN: THE ROYAL PARTY AND THEIR HOSTS AT BISHOP'S COURT.

Photograph by Cowen, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

The Duchess of Somerset.

The Duchess of Somerset, owing to the fact that the Duke of Norfolk is a widower, ranks as premier Duchess of England, for the Somerset Dukedom was created in 1547, and thus is the oldest but one extant. The Duchess of Somerset has accompanied her husband on many



THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

long and perilous sporting expeditions, and some years ago she published a very charming book of travels, entitled "Impressions of a Tenderfoot," the result of her wanderings through little-known America. During one of their sporting tours, the Duchess, who is a good shot, once saved the Duke's life, when he was in danger of being killed by an infuriated wounded animal. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset celebrate their Silver Wedding this year, for they were married in 1877. Maiden Bradley, their country place, contains a wonderful collection of pictures and fine old furniture. The Duke and Duchess are both very fond of outdoor life and much prefer the country to town.

Lord Lovat's Scouts.

The return of Lord Lovat from South Africa with the fine body of men he raised in the Highlands has occasioned great enthusiasm in and around Inverness. His Scouts have now returned to their homes, to fight their battles over again for the benefit of relatives and friends, and it will be a thousand pities if Lord Lovat's scheme to make them a permanent corps falls to the ground through the curious ineptitude of the War Office. Every man who knows the Highlands at all must testify to the work of the men from whose ranks the Scouts were recruited. They are fine fellows, muscular, persistent, keen-eyed, and able to endure hardships that would kill men whose patriotism is accompanied by poor physique. Moreover, Lovat's Scouts were chosen from a class that finds its living on the hills, tending the sheep or tracking the red-deer, and they are particularly adapted to the work of scouting in mountainous districts. Their range of vision is far longer than that of a townsman, and they are able to discount the "protective colouring" that makes a foe look like the rock he is leaning against. A sporting training is an excellent preparation for war, even though humanitarians protest that it is not.

Their Commander.

Lord Lovat himself is a very keen sportsman and a great authority upon deer-stalking. He contributed the chapters upon this branch of sport to the "Badminton Library," and is the proprietor of some splendid forests in the neighbourhood of Beaulieu, in Inverness-shire. Several of these are let for the present season. Farley and Urchany are let to Major Paynter; they make a small forest together, but are favourite haunts of the red-deer. Morar Forest, which is four times the size of the other two together and belongs to the same proprietor, is scarcely more

productive. It is let for the present season. So are Lord Lovat's fine Forest of Braulen, which occupies more than thirty thousand acres, and Boblainy, near Beaufort Castle, which is considerably smaller. In addition to these deer-forests, Lord Lovat is the owner of some of the best moor and low-ground shooting in the shire, which is one of the three best sporting counties in Scotland. So he has come home again at one of the best seasons of the year, and it says a great deal for his interest in his regiment of Scouts that he gave up one or two weeks of the short sporting season in his endeavour to persuade the officials of the Pall Mall Circumlocution Office to put the corps on the proper footing to serve the country in days to come. May his efforts meet with the success they deserve.

The Countess Sapperdoti di Carrobio.

One of the most interesting sections of London Society is that composed of the brilliant Diplomatic Corps, and of the many charming foreigners who are now making this country their temporary home there is none more popular in the Anglo-Italian Colony than the beautiful wife of Count Sapperdoti di Carrobio, Second Secretary to the Italian Embassy. The Italian people, almost alone among Continental nations, cherish a warm regard for this country, and just as the British Embassy in Rome is the Mecca of most English Diplomats, so to be sent to London is esteemed a high honour among the Italian descendants of Macchiavelli. The ladies of the Diplomatic Corps have many privileges, they are always given the best places at any public function, and it would be difficult to imagine a pleasanter existence than that led by the feminine half of the high world of politics; they may be said to enjoy all the pleasures and share none of the anxieties of diplomacy.



THE COUNTESS SAPPERDOTI DI CARROBIO, WIFE OF THE SECOND SECRETARY TO THE ITALIAN EMBASSY.

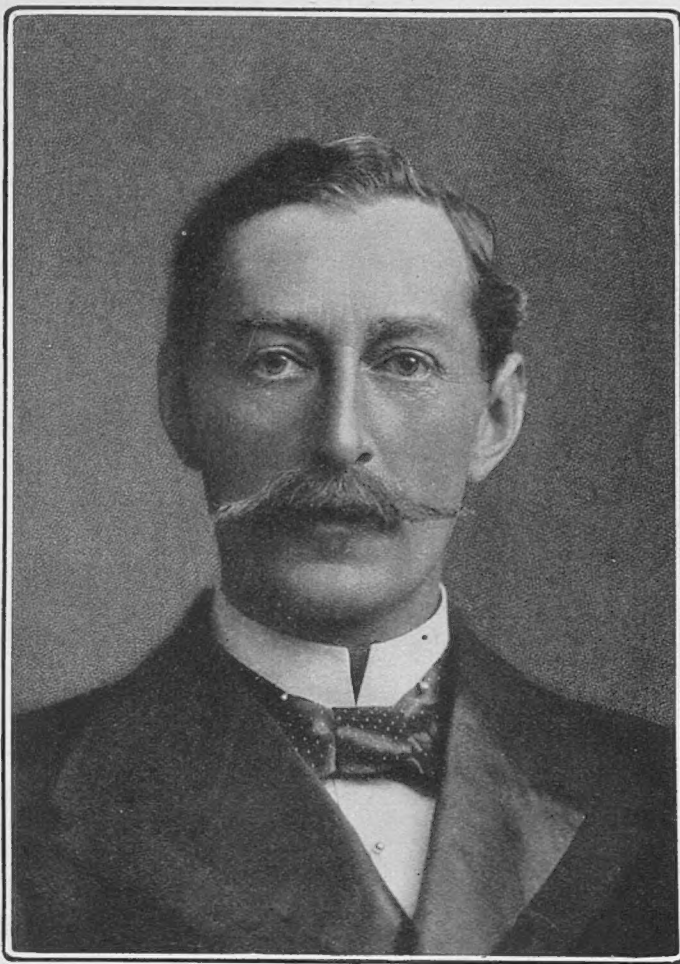
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

*The Lord Steward
of His Majesty's
Household.*

Lord Pembroke, who for the last seven years has been Lord Steward of His Majesty's Household, is the eldest surviving brother in the distinguished group of sons and daughters of the late Lord Herbert of Lea, of Crimean era fame. Lord Pembroke's elder brother, whom he succeeded seven years ago, was one of the heroes of that delightfully whimsical book, by Henry Kingsley, concerning the joint adventures of "The Earl and the Doctor" in the South Seas. His younger brother, Mr. Michael Herbert, has just succeeded Lord Pauncefoot as British Ambassador at Washington. Of his three sisters, the best-known is Lady de Grey. While still Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord Pembroke married Lady Beatrix Lambton, the sister of Lord Durham. At the time of his marriage he was regarded as one of the most brilliant of younger M.P.'s, and he was Lord of the Treasury in Lord Salisbury's first and second Administrations. Lord and Lady Pembroke are very popular in the neighbourhood of their beautiful country home, Wilton House, Salisbury. There they last year celebrated the coming of age of their eldest son, Lord Herbert, and last Friday (Aug. 29) Lord and Lady Pembroke completed their twenty-fifth year of married life.

*An Interesting
Military Wedding.*

The marriage of Major-General H. L. Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O., to Miss Olive Crofton, daughter of Colonel J. Schneider, of Oak Lea, Furness Abbey, which takes place to-day (Wednesday), has aroused a good deal of interest both in Society and in military circles. General Smith-Dorrien's career as a soldier is now too well known to need much description, since he distinguished



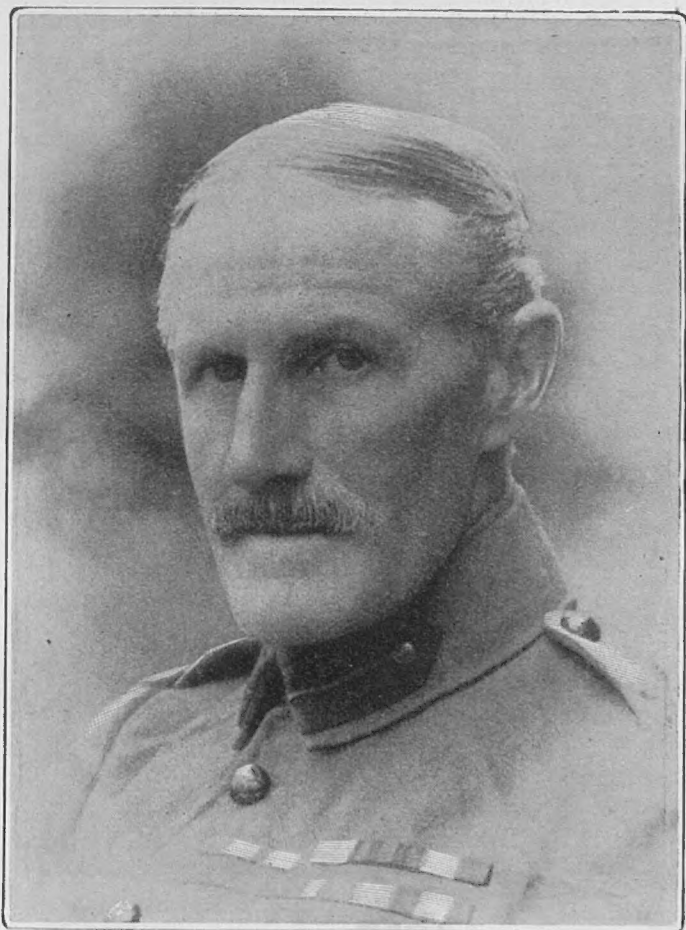
EARL OF PEMBROKE, WHO HAS CHARGE OF THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE KING'S PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

himself in the Zulu Campaign, in India, Egypt, the Soudan, and in the late War in South Africa. At the beginning of the latter campaign he took out his battalion of the "Sherwood Foresters," but was soon afterwards appointed to command the 19th Brigade, including the "Gay Gordons," the gallant Canadians, the Cornwalls, and the Shropshires. At Paardeberg and elsewhere his services were so conspicuous that he was specially mentioned in despatches by Lord Roberts, was promoted to his present rank, and appointed to the important post of Adjutant-General in India. General Smith-Dorrien is a native of Great Berkhamsted, being a son of the late Colonel R. A. Smith-Dorrien, of Haresfoot, and brother of Mr. Dorrien-Smith, of Tresco Abbey, Scilly Isles.

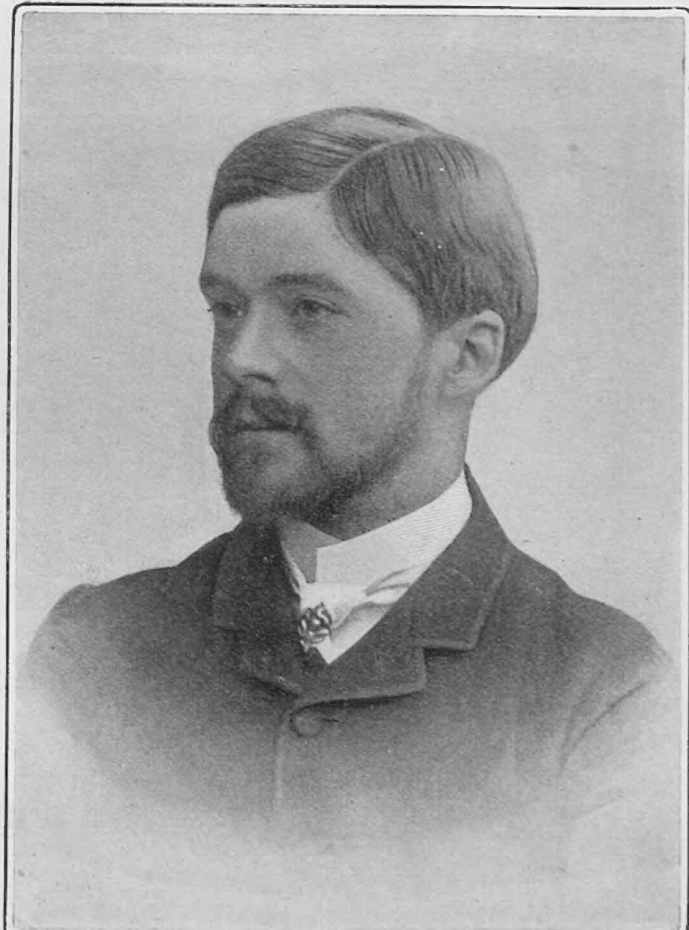
*The Brilliant Son
of a Clever Father.*

The brilliant author of "If I were King" is an interesting example of the force of heredity, for he is, of course, the son of that popular statesman-historian - novelist, Mr. Justin McCarthy. "Young Justin," as he is still called in the Irish Party, is but little on the wrong side of forty, for he was just of age when he published his first book, and this is now twenty-one years ago. Mr. McCarthy possesses much of the wayward literary charm which the Saxon has learnt to seek in the work of Irish writers, but, by a stroke of good luck often denied his countrymen, he also is industrious, and during the last twenty years he has published three volumes of verse, five novels, four lengthy historical works, and over half-a-dozen of his plays have been acted. Even has he found time to translate, direct from the Persian, Omar Khayyám, and between whiles he put in eight years at St. Stephen's as a Nationalist Member of Parliament.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. L. SMITH-DORRIEN, D.S.O., MARRIED TO MISS OLIVE CROFTON SCHNEIDER TO-DAY.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.



MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, AUTHOR OF "IF I WERE KING."

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

The Terrible Submarines.

It is not so long since the idea of the submarine boat as an instrument of practical warfare was regarded with a certain amount of incredulity in this country. Lately, however, as a result of exhaustive experiments, the Admiralty ordered a number of these "infernal machines" from Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, and on Tuesday of last week the first two completed boats entered Portsmouth Harbour. The trials have been in every way satisfactory, stability, air-supply, and control being all that could be desired. Considering the cramped accommodation of the submarine, the trying nature of the work, and the danger even under peace conditions, it says much for the spirit of British sailors that keen competition is evinced by the younger officers for appointment to these boats, and, in the case of the men, the difficulty, when a vacancy occurs, is that of selection owing to the number of volunteers. The boats were brought to Portsmouth from Barrow under the supervision of Captain Bacon, D.S.O., who is the expert officer in charge of these strange recruits to the British Navy.

The Automatic Buffet.

The latest penny-in-the-slot innovation, the Automatic Buffet in the Embankment Gardens, has met with so much appreciation and success that it is safe to predict a great extension of the system. Notwithstanding the late period of the season and the peculiar weather we have been favoured with, the Buffet has been doing immense business; indeed, the number of grown-ups and juveniles who crowd round, eager to insert their coppers, makes it a difficult matter for the timid investigator to get near enough to examine the working of the ingenious contrivance. However, everything comes to him that waits, and in due time the toothsome bun and refreshing cup of tea or glass of milk reward the efforts of the expert manipulator of the nimble penny. The photographs herewith were taken during a temporary lull in business.

The Thames Regatta Season.

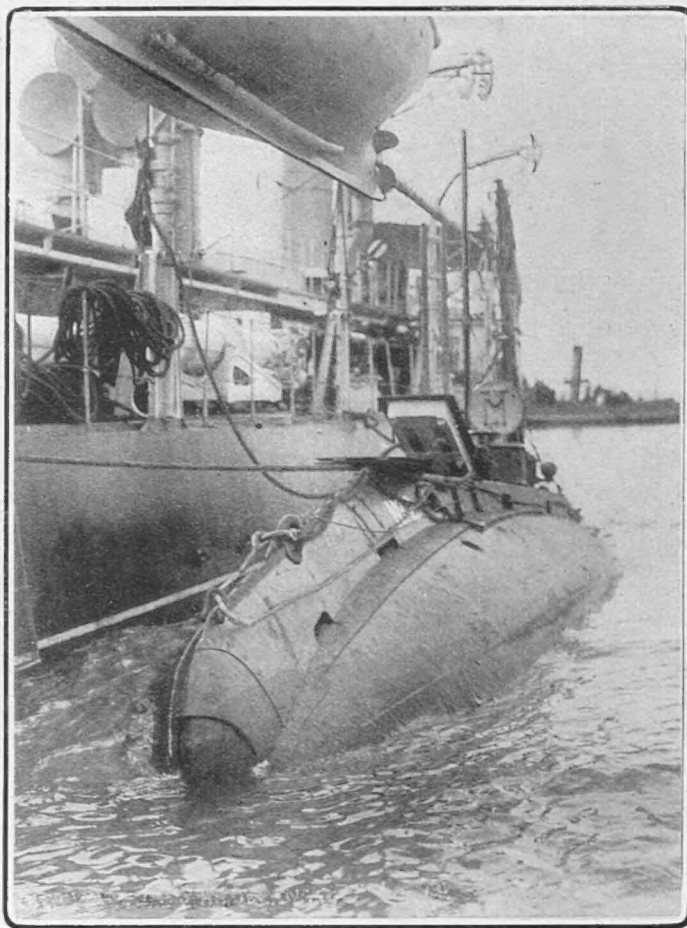
Last Saturday the Thames Regatta season came to a close for the year with the meetings of the Staines B.C. and the Skiff Club. It has been an unfortunate season, for most of the regattas have been spoiled from the point of view of the onlookers by the rain; still, the ardour of rowing-men is not easily damped, and there has been some excellent racing at most of the fixtures. But regattas, especially those of the picnic kind which come at the end of the season, depend so much on the weather that the chief pleasure of them has been lost, and the fire-works and illuminations which conclude the day have, as a rule, been held in circumstances which demanded a great determination to be festive in spite of the weather. This year will not be marked as a successful one in the river-lover's diary.

A Record for Australia.

Last week, Victor Trumper achieved a feat which has never before been accomplished in England by an Australian batsman, by completing two thousand runs in the season. The highest aggregate previously made was the one thousand nine hundred and forty-one runs scored by Darling in 1899. This year Darling has made only about a thousand runs, so that Trumper has easily surpassed him, while Hill, Duff, and Noble have all hit up well over a thousand runs. Trumper is a great batsman, and all bowling seems to come alike to him.

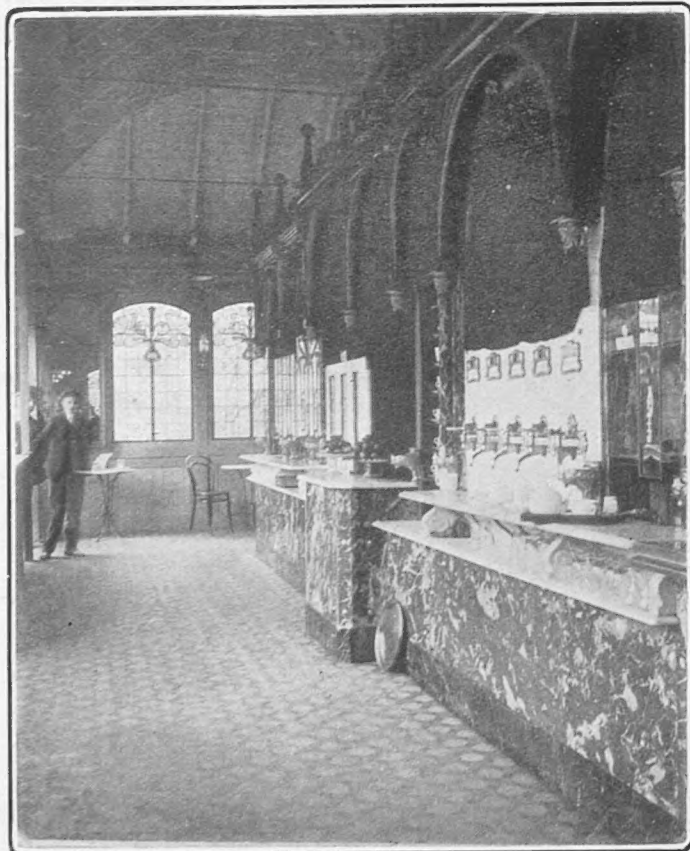
Unpleasant but Healthy.

We have all been grumbling at the superabundance of rain and lack of sunshine from which we have suffered this summer, but it appears that there are compensations. The returns show that London and other great towns have not been so healthy at this time of year for a very long while, and this is due to the moderate temperature and the cleansing rain. In very hot weather, London becomes unbearable, and the dry dust from the wood pavement which fills the air brings all sorts of diseases with it. Not for a long time past has London been so bearable in August.



ONE OF THE NEW SUBMARINES AT PORTSMOUTH.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



THE AUTOMATIC BUFFET, EMBANKMENT GARDENS: GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.



THE AUTOMATIC BUFFET, EMBANKMENT GARDENS: MAKING TEA.

Photographs by Fincham, Kensington.

LONDON PRODUCTIONS AS PLAYED OVERSEAS.



F. H. Sothern. Cecilia Loftus.

A SCENE FROM "IF I WERE KING," AS PLAYED IN AMERICA.

Photograph by Byron, New York.



A SCENE FROM "A CHINESE HONEYMOON," AS PRESENTED AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE, MELBOURNE.

Photograph by Talma and Co., Melbourne and Sydney.

"La Belle Guerrero."

By no means a stranger either to London audiences in general or to those of the Alhambra in particular is Señora Guerrero, to whom the title "La Belle" is peculiarly appropriate, for she has been most generously dowered by Nature with that beauty for which the women of Spain or Spanish birth are famous.



LA BELLE GUERRERO, A SPANISH DANCER AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Waléry, Paris.

Señora Guerrero was here three years ago, and created something of a sensation by her dancing, which has in it that peculiar dash and distinction, coupled with *allure*, which gives to Spanish dancing its peculiar fascination. But for the fact that a series of Continental engagements prevented the possibility of her doing it, Señora Guerrero would long ago have been invited to return, as she did on Monday last, to the Alhambra and keep up a tradition which is so intimately associated with its name. Señora Guerrero is as beautiful as ever, and, if possible, lighter and more graceful than ever, so that her dancing is literally the poetry of motion. Her stay is limited to four

weeks, and then she returns to the Continent, where she has also made a great reputation by her pantomimic sketches.

Miss Julie Opp. Looking back over her by no means long career on the stage, Miss Julie Opp may well congratulate herself and be not a little proud of the position she has at last attained—that of the recognised leading lady at one of the first of



MISS JULIE OPP, PLAYING THE LEAD IN "IF I WERE KING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Waléry, Baker Street, W.

London's theatres. It is but a few short years since, a practically unknown American girl, she came to London determined to win a place for herself on the stage, though there must have been many Managers on the other side only too anxious to engage so beautiful a woman for their Companies. From small parts Miss Opp went to larger ones, until now she can command those of the first importance, although only so recently as in the St. James's production of "As You Like It"—Mr. Alexander's first essay in Shaksperian drama at his own theatre—she had to content herself with the insignificant part of Hymen. Still, she understudied Miss Neilson and played Rosalind, making the most of the opportunity of proving to Mr. Alexander how fortunate he was in securing the services of an actress dowered with beauty far beyond the average, and, what is perhaps even more important to those who look beneath the surface, gifted with a sympathetic womanliness which never fails to make itself felt on the stage. Miss Opp has been seen in many of the King Street productions, and even when her part has been of comparative unimportance she has never failed by her sincerity and her intelligence to make it a valuable portion of the entertainment. When out of the bill, Miss Opp has been engaged for special productions on the other side of the Atlantic, and has conquered New York as she has conquered London, proving that, with the hall-mark of success, one may defy the proverb, "No man is a prophet in his own country." It is interesting to remember that the part of Katherine de Vaucelles, played by Miss Opp, was created in America by Miss Cecilia Loftus, Mr. Edward Sothorn acting the part which Mr. Alexander has naturally assumed.

If Miss Auriol Lee has not one of the longest parts at the St. James's in "If I were King," she certainly has the part with the longest name—Jehannetton la Belle Heaulmière, and that fact in itself attracts a certain notice to her which her own individuality intensifies. Pretty of face, with a nicely rounded figure, dark hair, and eyes which have been described as "fascinating" by someone who saw her on only one occasion, and that merely for a few moments, Miss Lee

has no difficulty in realising the French type of beauty as required by the exigencies of the environment in which she artistically lives and moves at the St. James's. Only a little while ago she was playing at the Haymarket Theatre the part of a modern French demoiselle, a maid in "Frocks and Frills," but it is, no doubt, to her very clever performance in the provincial tour of "The Gay Lord Quex" that she owes her present association with one of the most successful of London's playhouses.



MISS AURIOL LEE,

NOW PLAYING IN "IF I WERE KING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

"The Land of the Free." Whatever the majority of our American cousins may think of the "played-out Old Country" and its effete monarchy, a considerable minority of them, after amassing sufficient of the "Almighty dollar," decide that life in Great Britain suits them best. Our latest distinguished arrival, Major Davis, of Syracuse, has changed his allegiance because "England is a freer country than the United States, and there is more individual liberty there." Yet Major Davis is not by any means the freest man in England, that distinction being probably enjoyed by Earl Roberts, who, together with General Sir John French, received the Freedom of Canterbury last week. The veteran Commander-in-Chief is also to be given the Freedom of Bath on the 26th, and on Oct. 23 will be presented with a jewelled sword of honour at a public banquet at Portsmouth Town Hall.

A Royal Marriage. The Grand Duchess Hélène Vladimirovich of Russia, who was married last Friday to Prince Nicolas of Greece, is the only daughter and youngest child of the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovich, the eldest uncle of the Czar, and of Marie Paulovna, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg. The Grand Duchess Hélène was born at Tsarskoie Selo, on Jan. 29, 1882, and is the first-cousin of the Czar. Prince Nicolas of Greece is the third son of King George, and is just ten years older than his bride, as he was born at Athens on Jan. 21, 1872.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Sarah Bernhardt and Germany.

There is hardly an expression of surprise at the announcement that Sarah Bernhardt will visit Germany and Austria this season, and in one of the most comprehensive series of plays that she has ever taken to any foreign country (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It is hardly worth recalling the days when Réjane said that Art had no country, and went to Berlin. Sarah retaliated that never so long as Alsace and Lorraine were German territory would she cross the Rhine. But those were in the days when a Wagner opera led to rioting and cavalry charges on the boulevards. To-day, Wagner is Opera King in Paris, and, bitter as must be the feeling of Sarah, on account of the suffering she saw in the terrible winter at the Odéon, in her ward, it is pleasant to see that she will do a little more to close the wound between France and Germany.

Paris Under Arms.

One night last week there were four organised battles in the streets of Paris, where the revolver was used and the pavements littered with empty cartridge-cases. No value was set on the life of a passer-by. The roving bands of scoundrels

home of the musicians. The Chopin statue will be found to be a marvellously ambitious piece of work.

"Dagonet" on Paris.

It always refreshes me to hear "Dagonet" on Paris. It comes only about once a year, and this time he was scowling at a wintry, wet, watery sky. He had the draughtiest place in the Café de la Paix, and gave me a chair that slightly sheltered him. Mr. Sims looked at me as he dodged a gust of wind and let me have it, and said, "Upon my word, the state of the Morgue is disgusting. The corpses are laid out in the most disgraceful, higgledy-piggledy position." "Nothing more cheerful?" I suggested. He only glanced at the rain that whipped and cut and hissed, and ran his eye over the deserted café. "There is something wrong with Paris this year. Yesterday I was at the Cemetery of—" I held up a warning finger. "I won't insist if you don't want to listen," said "Dagonet," with a shiver. But there are two "Dagonets," and half-an-hour later, at Champard's Restaurant, he agreed that there was good wine in the land, that the cooking could not be beaten, that the cigars were sent over before the Cuban War,



A PORTION OF THE ALAMEDA (OR PUBLIC GARDENS), GIBRALTAR, WHERE A NEW THEATRE IS ABOUT TO BE BUILT.

had issued challenges and come into the very heart of the city, within sight of the Comédie-Française. The consternation that prevails in Paris is noticeable, and to this is added the fact that the street-lamps are turned out a little after one o'clock. There is not a soul on the terraces of the cafés after midnight, and people walk home in the middle of the streets. The leaders of the different bands, who bear the most fantastic names, kindly assure the public that they have nothing to fear, that the warfare is purely between one clan and another, and all that they have to do is to keep out of the line of fire.

Marguerite Duclerc.

I remember nothing more pathetic than the death of Marguerite Duclerc. She was one of the most popular singers at the Ambassadeurs and was the idol of Paris when she sang the French "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." Of a sudden she disappeared, but that happens frequently with the *demi-mondaine*. It was only when her death in a garret was announced, and the sad fact given that the poor woman begged from her poorer neighbours a penny with which to buy a little ice to refresh her lips, that the association of tinsel and crape suggested itself to one.

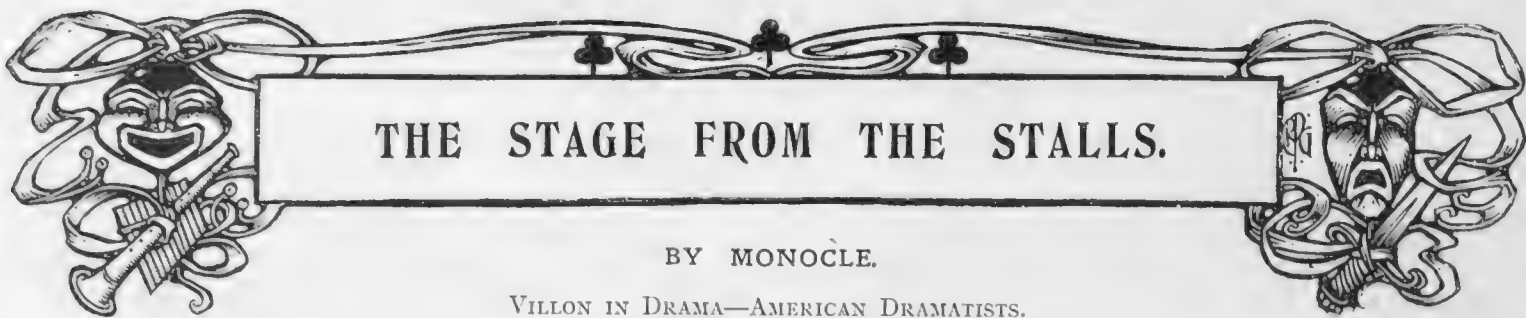
Chopin.

The Parc Monceau, which becomes richer and richer year by year with the most lovely statuary, will shortly receive Jacques Froment-Meurice's Chopin. With Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, and Chopin, the Parc will in time be the

and for the little party of four he made puns and jokes by the score. Later on, when he took coffee with his charming wife and her sister, he conceded that there were things in Paris that beat London standing still.

A Theatre for "The Rock."

General Sir George White has, in his capacity as Governor of Gibraltar, just granted the necessary sanction for a proposal to erect a theatre on "The Rock." It is to be built in a portion of the Alameda, or Public Gardens, and will have a seating capacity of about fifteen hundred. The new theatre will be called "The Kitchener," and, as there is a resident population of over twenty-five thousand in Gibraltar, it should enjoy considerable patronage. Messrs. Richard Warner and Co., the well-known music-hall agents, are the lessees of the building, and they propose to make it a house of call for Companies proceeding to South Africa. Some few years ago, another theatre—named "The Benatar"—was erected in the Alameda, but the War Office ordered its demolition, as it was considered to encroach on the military parade-ground. A still older theatre (the Royal) occupied a site near the Market Square. In Malta, it may be mentioned, not only is there a commodious theatre, but there is a handsome Opera House as well. So far, however, no music-hall has been established in the Mediterranean.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

VILLON IN DRAMA—AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.

IN another column I deal with the play "If I were King," by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, produced on Saturday at the St. James's. Here I make a few remarks concerning the chief character, "François Villon—Mr. George Alexander." So much appears in the advertisements, and one assumes that the hero is the famous poet. Rumour tells us, unofficially, that in the new piece Villon for a while plays the part of King of France and is for a while one of her many saviours. Paragraphs, quasi-officially, give warning that the drama is not connected with any incident in the career of the most Bohemian of Bohemian poets. The quasi-official warning was needless to those who know anything about Villon, and those who know next to nothing concerning him will be in the majority. Possibly ten per cent. of the audience will look up Villon in an Encyclopædia, and five per cent. be aware that the phrase, "Où sont les neiges d'autan," was written by him. Certainly many will be afraid to speak of him before the play is produced, because of a feeling of uncertainty whether, in pronouncing his name, you ought to sound the "ll" as in "ville" or as in "fille," there being no real rule, and, as a matter of fact, a fluctuating fashion as regards the method of saying the name, which, by-the-bye, was an adopted name; his birth-name is a mystery. I should have said his chief adopted name, since he passed as François des Loges and also François de Montcorbier, and probably used other names as well in his escapades.

We have, then, the fact that no incident in the life of François is foundation of the play; to this one may add that no attempt will be made to present a person who resembles him in character. The known facts about the man are few, and, with one exception, discreditable. He was born in 1431, of humble family, and no one knows how, when, or where he died. He was a scholar at Paris, where, in 1455, he killed a man in a street-brawl, and therefore fled. He received a Royal pardon for the act, which probably arose from a quarrel about a woman. In about 1460 he was charged with burglary, convicted and condemned to be hanged, but, on appeal, the sentence was changed to one of banishment. He left Paris, committed some crime at Meung-sur-Loire, and was imprisoned there during the summer, but released by order of Louis XI. in honour of his Accession. Immediately afterwards he composed his most important work, "Le Grand Testament," and then all traces of his career are lost. The one thing not discreditable, to which I referred, is the fact that he was author of some of the poetry attributed to him. Wine, women, crime, the companionship of professional criminals, jail, judicial torture—perhaps a flogging through the streets—banishment, poverty, temporary wealth from burglary, and some notable pieces of poetry seem to have occupied most of the known thirty years of his life. There is no proved fact concerning him which shows that his life and character were not in every respect discreditable. Noble sentiments as well as filthy phrases may be found in his works, and from the former some have assumed that he may have had some grandeur of character. Observation, however, tells us that beautiful ideas may come from vile minds, and there is no reasonable ground for thinking that one of his French commentators was incorrect in saying that he was "un vrai bandit."

Concerning the quality of his poetry I am not bound to express an opinion. I have read all that he has written, and with great difficulty, for, though circumstances have caused me to possess more than a "Stratford-atte-Bowe" knowledge of French, the antiquity of his style and the fact that his works are crowded with allusions to persons and matters of which no one now knows anything render most of his stanzas puzzling and many quite unintelligible. The simplest way of showing this is to refer to the fact that Clément Marot, in about 1533, speaks of Villon's "antique façon de parler," and in his edition gives marginal explanations of the more puzzling phrases. Without such explanations, and, indeed, even with them, the average Frenchman finds his Villon very hard reading, with a large percentage of impossibilities; and some French, and some English too, who profess enthusiasm are mere humbugs, pretending to admire what they do not understand. That some understand and admire is an incontestable fact, and that Villon, the earliest wilfully subjective poet of France, has written many superb stanzas is certain; but that they deserve the labour involved in enabling oneself to understand them I doubt, seeing how much exists of equal and easier beauty which no one who does not give his life to literature can dream of exhausting.

Why, then, take as hero of a play a man whose character you cannot represent, whose life you must falsify? Although the persons of the piece include Louis XI., who, indeed, apparently plays the second fiddle, we really know nothing of our poet's life during his

reign, except the deliverance from jail and the fact that, presumably, "Le Grand Testament" was composed during it. To me, there seems not only no reason but no excuse for thus introducing the character. One can hardly, in this case, speak of a catch-penny device, seeing that but to an infinitesimal part of English playgoers is the name likely to be interesting. Yet, at the least, there is an illegitimate effort to obtain a purely adventitious interest. In many cases one can easily guess the motive for dragging the mighty dead from their graves and making them fret on the little stage of the theatre. Sometimes the vanity of the actor-manager is the cause—in this case one may acquit Mr. Alexander. He fancies himself as Goethe, Wellington, Napoleon, and so on. Generally, no doubt, the writer either is modest and thinks his work will be aided by the glamour of the name, or is vain enough to believe that his stage figure is a tribute to fame. In many instances, the policy is successful, although those who really know the subjects generally feel aggrieved. Of course, some great dramatists, such, for instance, as our greatest, have acted in this fashion, though it is noteworthy that in his most striking instance—"Julius Cæsar"—the illustrious name-part is treated as a secondary character.

I see that in a controversy, a big gooseberry controversy in the *Free Lance*, an enthusiastic American has been putting forward the claims of American dramatists to equality with ours, and alleging that Mr. Clyde Fitch is not unworthy of a place beside any of the English dramatists. Taking the assertion literally, one might assent and say that the English dramatist beside whom he should stand is—well, I hardly know why I should hurt the feelings of any of our well-known dramatists. To me, the paragraphs about Mr. Fitch have been staggering; if the writers are accurate, his output might bewilder a Scribe or a Lope de Vega, and his vogue—in America—is unparalleled. Speaking from his plays that I have seen—and I have missed none given under his name in London—I should say that he supplies very well evidence of the present inability of Americans to write drama of artistic merit. Of course, there may be many works racy of the soil that we have not seen here. "Secret Service," "Held by the Enemy," "Alabama," and "Arizona" undoubtedly, if not plays of serious value, were excellent in their way, and the pieces of Bronson Howard stand higher; but the fact remains that, despite the enormous interchange of drama between the two countries, our importation of American drama, save in its humbler forms, has been unimportant, and many works of great success in the States have had ignominious failure here. Indeed, I cannot remember a real original American comedy or tragedy which during the last twelve years has had a success or an ill-deserved failure in London—except, indeed, "The Henrietta."

Mr. Clyde Fitch may call "The Last of the Dandies" a comedy, and it had a run of three months or so; however, many of the critics condemned it, and the run was little more than a trifle for present times, and was chiefly due to the remarkable acting of Mr. Beerbohm Tree and the quaint costumes of the characters. "Pamela's Prodigy" was a poor farce, and "Gossip" no matter for congratulation. There was, I fancy, another farce of his given some years ago in London. His latest production in our town was "Sapho," which, owing to the powerful acting of Miss Olga Nethersole, was not wholly unsuccessful here, though vastly inferior as a piece of adaptation to the French version of the novel, and, indeed, curiously clumsy and tactless; the comic meal and the sham Quartier Latin revelries were quite unendurable. That he is the chief American playwright may be true, and that he has some cleverness and has had great successes in America is undeniable, but that he has the wit, the sense of character, or the observation of any of half-a-dozen of our writers cannot seriously be argued. Why the States do not produce a dramatist of the calibre of Pinero, Jones, Grundy, Esmond, Barrie, Carton, Chambers, Phillips, Parker, Constance Fleming, or, if they do, conceal their works, I cannot tell. I see, however, that I have forgotten one American who might stand high in such a list and certainly has given us far better work than Mr. Fitch's; of course, I am speaking of Mrs. Craigie, and she may well be said to be denationalised. It is very difficult to understand why this should be the case, and difficult not to believe that the question of supply and demand is involved and that the American comedies and tragedies are not written because there is no demand for them. Yet English comedies and tragedies are welcomed in the States—indeed, the welcome is so hearty that some are actually given over there ere they see their native country. Some day the real American dramatist will appear and will be received here with enthusiasm, for we are poor in plays and willing to receive them from any country.



A "LITTLE MAID" ON HOLIDAY: MISS HILDA MOODY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

THE PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND.

FOREMOST amongst the many remarkable and striking personages who have been visiting England during this ever-memorable year must be counted the Right Hon. Richard John Seddon, P.C., LL.D., Premier of New Zealand. Physically a big man of commanding presence, he has also shown himself intellectually a strong man. He has now been in power in New Zealand for some nine or ten years, and, amongst other things, is Colonial Treasurer, Commissioner of Trade and Customs, Minister of Labour, and Minister of Defence—in short, a whole Cabinet in himself. Not that he feels these various portfolios too heavy a burden; on the contrary, he is the sort of man who would, if it were possible, be confident of carrying without any particular effort the whole government of his Colony on his own broad shoulders. And it may be said that in a measure this is the actual state of the case.

Mr. Seddon is an Englishman by birth, having first seen the light at Eccleston, in Lancashire, in 1845; thus, for a politician, he is still in the prime of life. When the Association of Lancastrians in London gave him a complimentary dinner in July last, Mr. Seddon, replying to the toast of his health, observed that he never forgot he was a Lancashire man, and that it was his strong desire to demonstrate, at

has more than once told us that we must not be caught unprepared and unready, but must throw off some of our old, slow, too conservative notions. Were we as an Empire, he asked in one of his addresses, to stand still? He would say, in the interests of the Mother Country which he loved, and in the interests of the Colonies, let them work shoulder to shoulder for the good of all. Then, referring to the question of Imperial Defence, he pointed to the fact that in South Africa New Zealand had done what she could in the way of sending help. And in this connection it may be mentioned that Mr. Seddon's only son was a Captain in one of the New Zealand Contingents, and saw plenty of active service at the Cape. With regard to the question of tariffs, Mr. Seddon has frequently declared that New Zealand is more than willing to meet the Old Country half-way, and he looks forward to seeing good results in this and other directions from the Colonial Conference recently concluded, over whose discussions Mr. Chamberlain, for whom Mr. Seddon has the greatest admiration, presided.

The present is not the first time that Mr. Seddon has been in England since his accession to the Premiership of New Zealand in 1893. He was over here for the Diamond Jubilee in 1897. On the



MRS. SEDDON.



MISS SEDDON.

Photographs by Gunn and Stewart, Sloane Street, S.W.

any rate in his own person, that Lancastrians put their duty to the Empire, and their wish to serve it in every way open to them, before all other considerations.

Mr. Seddon, who was educated at Eccleston Hill School, emigrated when a lad of eighteen to Australia, arriving at Melbourne in 1863. Some time afterwards he removed to New Zealand, where, as all the world knows, he has had a remarkably successful and useful career. He entered the Parliament (the House of Representatives) of that Colony in 1879, and his talents soon made him a leading member of it. He was very prominent in introducing and carrying out those experiments in social legislation which have been the most noteworthy features of New Zealand politics during recent years, such, for instance, as the conferring of the franchise on women. When the Colonial Premiers were given the degree of "LL.D." by the University of Edinburgh in July, they were entertained after the ceremony by the students to a luncheon, at which Mr. Seddon humorously chaffed Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, on the superior position women held in New Zealand as compared with that of women in the Dominion.

Mr. Seddon is a very keen Imperialist, and he has lost no opportunity of making his views known. Day after day it was quite a usual thing to see in the newspaper reports of his speeches, in which he set forth his ideas and convictions with respect to the Empire, her place in the world, and her destiny. Like the Prince of Wales, who on a memorable occasion advised England to wake up, Mr. Seddon

present occasion, he is accompanied by Mrs. Seddon, Mrs. Dyer, a married daughter and her husband, Miss Seddon, and Miss May Seddon. They came to England by way of the Cape, and while in South Africa the party visited the battlefields in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. These excursions were too trying for Mrs. Seddon, and brought on an illness, from which, however, she has now almost entirely recovered. When these brief notes are being penned, Mr. Seddon and his family are in Dublin, but they expect to sail for New Zealand in ten days or a fortnight. The Colonial elections take place very shortly, and Mr. Seddon will, doubtless, desire to get home in good time for them.

OUR COLONIAL GUESTS.

Though our Colonial friends may complain of the climate—or want of it—in the Old Country, one and all have united in hearty appreciation of the genuine hospitality extended to them by English folk and the liberality of our caterers for popular entertainment. In particular have they been indebted to Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, who founded the Colonial 'Troops' Club in Dover Street which has been such a conspicuous success, and to that lady they paid a special tribute of gratitude and respect. It may be hoped that now means will be found to carry out Miss Brooke-Hunt's original intention of making the Club a permanent institution for London's garrison.



THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD J. SEDDON, PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND.

Photograph by Gunn and Stewart, Sloane Street, S.W.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE BEAUTY-SPOT.

THE occasional woman has worn a beauty-spot any time these last two centuries and a-half. The woman universal has, however, decided that what a certain set of people inveigh against as a senseless custom shall be a dominant fashion of the Coronation Year. Whether the fashion is due to the many costume-plays in which they have recently been worn it boots not to inquire. The fashion is there, and it will be followed.

The custom dates back to the latter part of the reign of Charles I. The name of the woman who introduced it is no more to be found

than the woman herself, though, could she be discovered, there is little doubt that her sisters of to-day would unanimously vote her a statue, for there is nothing which sets off the white of a complexion of cream, enhances the pink of a rosy cheek, or brightens the lustre of an eye like the little bit of black plaster set carefully but without any seeming care on the right spot. It is by no means improbable that the original wearer of the patch, to give the beauty-spot its proper name, used it to hide some pimple or spot which temporarily marred the beauty of her skin. Did not the poet in "Wit Restored" write of a fashionable lady—

Her patches are of every cut,
For pimples or for scars;
Here's all the wandering planets' signs,
And some of the fixed stars,
Already gummed to make them stick—
They need no other sky?

In those lines the custom of using patches of various shapes is clearly indicated. Indeed, it was no unusual thing to have the most extravagant designs cut in black plaster or in black velvet in order to stick on the face. These were most frequently worn on the forehead, one noteworthy design being a coach with horses attached. This was especially alluded to in "England's Vanity; or, God's Voice Against Pride in Apparel," which was published in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. The author, referring to certain beauties thus be-patched, wrote—

The mourning-coach and horses, all in black and plying on their foreheads, stands ready harnessed to whirl them to Acheron, though I pity poor Charon for the darkness of the night, since the moon on the cheek is all in eclipse and the poor stars on the temples are clouded in sables, and no comfort left him but the lozenges on the chin, which, if he pleases, he may pick off for his cold.

The first reference to patches is undoubtedly made in Butler's "Artificial Changeling," where this passage is to be found—

Our ladies have lately entertained a vain custom of spotting their faces out of an affectation of a mole to set off their beauty, such as Venus had, and it is well if one black patch will serve to make their faces remarkable, for some fill their visages full of them, varied into all manner of shapes.

Some of the pictures of the period, indeed, half conceal the natural skin by these artificial additions. Nor were they limited to women, for men wore them, even tradesmen, and Glaphorne in "The Lady's

Privilege" makes someone remark to an actor: "Look you, Signor, if it be a lover's part you are to act, take a black spot or two. I can furnish you. 'Twill make your face more amorous, and appear more gracious in your mistress's eyes."

In Queen Anne's time the patch had even assumed a political importance, for the *Spectator* wrote: "About the middle of last winter I went to the Haymarket Theatre, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one

against the other. After a short survey, I found they were patched differently, the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those of the other on the left. Upon inquiry, I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my left Tories."

Long before then, it is probable that the patch had been impressed into the service of other mysteries than politics, even that most mysterious of all the mysteries — Love. According to the place on which it was worn, it represented a different symbol in the language of coquetry and of that subtle communion between man and woman which is even as the breath of life. Placed alluringly on the upper lip, it spoke eloquently, with an eloquence all the greater for its silence, of the "kiss," which is the breath of Love. On the left cheek, if heart-shaped, it announced to a too persistent admirer that the wearer was engaged; while if the heart-shaped spot was on the right cheek, it said "marriage" with all the sternness of its forbidding strength. Placed near the eye, the little bit of plaster told of the "affectionate" nature of the wearer; while on the forehead it was a token of an innate sense of majesty, which, though it repelled the timorous, must have been eminently enticing to the



LADY DISDAIN.

Photograph by Heath J. Haviland, James Street, Haymarket.

wooer of a more dominant nature. Worn near the nose, the patch was "impertinent," while near the lips to which it drew attention, it was coquettish, and was, no doubt, used as such by the damsels of the roguish eye and merry laughter to lure men into those toils which, light as thistle-down, are, nevertheless, oftentimes too strong for them to burst. If the patch was star-shaped and on the chin, it spoke as plainly as words of a frivolous mood and invited the confidences which have no thought of anything beyond the passing moment.

Let, then, the modern girl remember the old proverb that "There is a place for everything"—even a patch—and, remembering, let her take to heart the fact that men are learned in the mystery of the beauty-spot. Therefore, let her wear it warily, so that she may not appear coquettish when she would be majestic, nor invite the kiss of an ardent youth when she should wear the blazon of "engaged."



ON RIGHT CHEEK—MARRIED.



BELOW THE EYE—AFFECTIONATE.



ON LEFT CHEEK—ENGAGED.



ON THE SIDE OF THE NOSE—IMPERTINENT.

"It is said that the fashion of wearing beauty-spots will shortly be revived."—DAILY PAPER.

THE
LANGUAGE
OF THE
BEAUTY-SPOT.



ON CHIN AND CHEEK—FRIVOLOUS.



ON FOREHEAD—MAJESTIC.

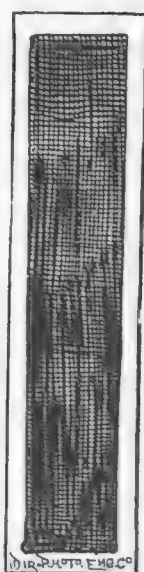


NEAR THE LIPS—COQUETTE.



ON THE UPPER LIP—A KISS.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



SPORTING

LEAVES

FROM THE DIARY OF
AN ACTIVE AUTUMN



I.—THE START FOR THE NORTH.

IN the small hours of the morning, when the birds were uncertain whether the time of singing had come, I set my house in order.

There was little enough to do, but the post-boy was at the door before the packing was over. When the sun was midmost the heavens I started off, leaving the wayside cottage with genuine reluctance. Father William was at his door, but he and I are friends no longer, and he had no more than a scowl for me to remember him by. Poor old man; he has behaved ill, but I was tempted to turn round and speak a few words. I hesitated, the chance passed, and Farmer Giles was the next man I passed. He waved me a cheery farewell from the top of a new haystack, and, immediately afterwards, Father Gander, Mother Goose, and their fine family hissed hard at me from a stubble-field. Everywhere I saw the wheat ripe for the harvest, and the cover thick for partridges that other men will shoot. On all sides were the signs of the waning summer, summer that seemed to come but yesterday, when I set my garden-seat under the blossoming fruit-trees. Already the cuckoo and the nightingale have flown, the youngest swallows are taking long, high flights, the hay is gathered, the corn-harvest is ripe, the orchards are heavily laden with fruit nearly grown. It is well, if one must leave Maychester, to bid the place good-bye before the fields are bare and the evenings shorten and great white mists rise over the ploughed land; before all the sights and sounds and scents of summer pass, and the frailer old folk fall before the harder days like overripe fruit. Closed doors, fires, shivering limbs, gales that strew the lanes with leaves and bare all the nesting-places that the summer hid, they will have no part in my memories of Maychester this year, at least. And so musing, pausing now and again to exchange farewell greetings with cottage-folk by the wayside and the village tradesmen in Market Square, I made slow way to the railhead, and the little train carried me in leisurely fashion to the junction, where a noisy, snorting main-line train ran screaming into the station and whirled me back to the great Metropolis. My lazy summer, then, was over at last.

This afternoon, I found myself in line with many others driving stationwards through streets that seemed to belong to the street-Arabs

sport! What countless gun-cases and cartridge-cases and shooting-seats, what numbers of keen-eyed, athletic men, and women too, bound Northward, where the grouse and the blackcock are fattening for the gun, and the great red-deer of the Highland forests goes for a brief period in danger of his life! Old men, grey and grizzled veterans of sport, "full of wise saws and modern instances"; the younger men, clean-cut, well-groomed, and strenuous; the youngest of all, going North for their first or second season, full of enthusiasm and travellers' tales; noisiest of all, the Cockney sportsman who has "arrived," who will do very little work and is content to have forests, moors, and coverts thinned by better sportsmen than himself. Everybody seems in a hurry, porters and private servants vainly endeavouring, like the immortal bird of Sir Boyle Roche, to be in two places at once. I wonder how many of the orders given are necessary to the comfort or well-being of the givers.

The eye pays half-conscious tribute to the sporting girl, admires her well-set-up and admirably balanced figure, her brightness and vivacity, the hue of health that several months of town life have not availed to destroy. She is modest enough but conspicuous: one feels sure that she would cast a fly or handle a rifle with dexterity and accuracy, that she would drop fur or feather cleanly, and leave risky or unfair shots to Cockneys. I see, too, in the crowd many a man whose military bearing and sun-burnt face proclaim the soldier home from South Africa to enjoy his first shooting season since '98. You can recognise him, apart from appearance, by his obvious pleasure at being back again amid the old surroundings. His seat is taken, his luggage secured, but he stands looking on with unabashed interest. He has done his work, and playing-time has come round at last. This time a year ago he was shivering on the veldt, in the embrace of the South African winter; since then he has had two summers in succession, and now he will be able to hear unmoved that Louis Botha, De Wet, and Delarey are a few hundred miles to the south of him. Such a proximity this time last year would have meant so much; now it only means that the Boer Generals, victorious in defeat, are making a friendly conquest of London.

We are off at last. An autocrat in uniform has given us brief notice to take our seats; the long line of platform is clear of luggage and holds few more than the friends remaining in town. We arrange hand-baggage and make ourselves comfortable while the long train, laden with sportsmen of every degree, threads the network of rails lying immediately beyond the terminus. Then papers and periodicals are produced, and I see that *The Sketch* has no reason to be dissatisfied with its share of popular favour.

It is a curious hour. Doubtless, many of us ask ourselves if we are well prepared for the hard work in store on moor and hillside, whether we are sound in wind and limb for the days before us. Happy are they who can assure themselves that all is well, and, the assurance given, select a cigar with care and smoke it with appreciation, building castles in the air with the light-blue wreaths that curl slowly upward.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

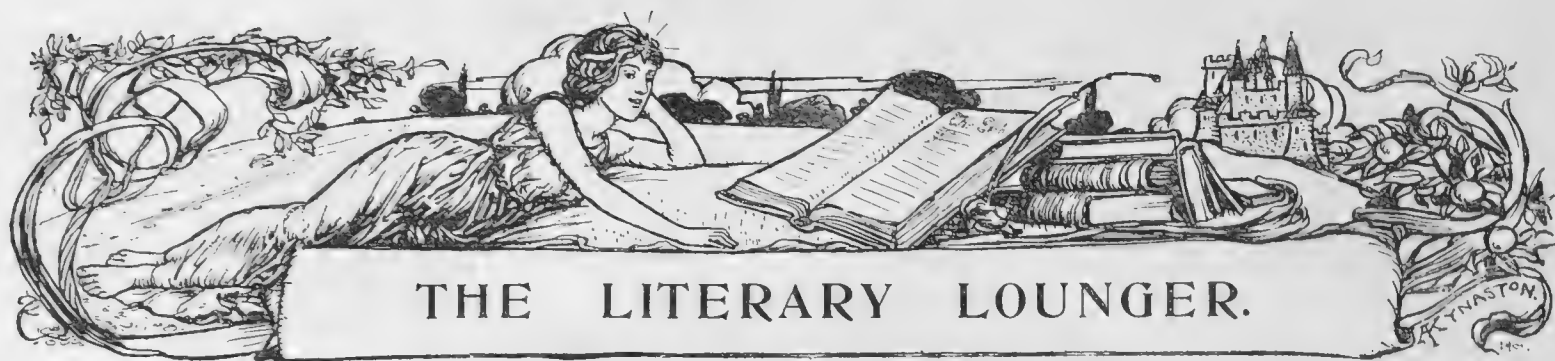


who sell halfpenny papers. How hot and evil-smelling the Metropolis seemed, how remote the country! And what a maze we landed in at the great terminus, where every second man seemed to be bent on



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

A New Portrait by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



CAPTAIN PHILIP TREVOR, author of "The Lighter Side of Cricket," has written an important book on "Rugby Union Football," a critical history of Rugby football from its origin to the present day. The book is a compendium of information and of narrative, giving an account of the duties of every man upon the field, discussing and criticising the rules of the game, and a particularly attractive feature is an account of every important Rugby Club in the country, with tabulated results of their matches during the last few years, and a critical appreciation of their leading players. The book will contain illustrations and portraits.

Sir Conan Doyle's "History of the Boer War" has now been completed, and will be published on Oct. 9, the third anniversary of the Declaration of War.

Mr. George Gissing's abridged and revised edition of "Forster's Life of Charles Dickens" is to be issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall this autumn. The following interesting extract from the Preface explains the nature of Mr. Gissing's work—

Great biographies, in our day of little leisure, are too commonly "taken as read." Many who would like to make acquaintance with Forster's work are deterred by its length. It seemed, therefore, to the publishers that an abridged edition, presenting in one handy volume the features of his life, would be welcome to a multitude of Dickens's readers. Entrusted with this task, the Editor has made it his guiding principle to preserve as much as possible of that autobiographic matter which Forster so largely and so judiciously drew upon, wherein the very man speaks to us. Compression of the narrative necessarily entailed some re-arrangement; here the Editor has allowed himself a free hand.

Although no definite announcement has yet been made with regard to publication, I understand that Mr. Bennet Burleigh's "History of the Boer War" will be issued before Christmas. Together with his previous volume, it will certainly prove the longest and the most elaborate history of the War.

Mr. Albert E. Galletin's new work on Aubrey Beardsley will be issued in the late autumn. Mr. Galletin has been in communication with many collectors of Mr. Beardsley's work, and has obtained much help from Miss Mabel Beardsley and Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Sir Alfred Lyall is now at work on his biography of Lord Dufferin, and is at present examining the immense mass of manuscripts and correspondence which has been collected at Clondeboye.

Mr. Frank Morris, whose novel, "The Octopus," was one of the most remarkable of last year's productions, has completed the second volume of his proposed trilogy dealing with the history of a wheat crop. In his new novel, entitled "The Pit," the wheat has reached Chicago, and the story deals with the attempt of a millionaire to corner the wheat market. It is sure to be a strong and striking book.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish this autumn "The Confessions of a Violinist," by T. L. Phipson, a collection of personal reminiscences of musicians for half a century.

The same firm will issue immediately Mr. James Greenwood's study of London Police Courts, entitled "The Prisoner in the Dock."

Sir Gilbert Parker is to be represented this autumn by two books, an historical work entitled "Old Quebec" and a new novel, "Donovan Pasha," which marks an entirely new departure in his work.

The centenary of "Hansard" will be celebrated early next year by the publication of a special volume giving its history, with a preliminary sketch of Corbett's Parliamentary History, which preceded it.

M. de Blowitz has arranged to publish some chapters of reminiscences in the *Philadelphia Evening Post*.

The new "Book of Beauty," edited by Mrs. Harcourt Williamson, will contain a poem by Rudyard Kipling and contributions by Sir Edwin Arnold and the Queen of Roumania.

Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, who will be remembered in connection with his remarkable series of articles on the "American Working Man," has completed a companion book on the conditions of wage-earners in England.



"A DREAM OF FAME."

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

OPENING OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON:
SOME LEADING LADIES.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

OPENING OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON:
SOME LEADING LADIES.



MISS NANCE O'NEIL AS MAGDA.

Photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

OPENING OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON:
SOME LEADING LADIES.



MISS NANCE O'NEIL AS CAMILLE.

Photograph by Talma, Sydney.

OPENING OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON:
SOME LEADING LADIES.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

TRINDER'S "EBONY" POSTER.

By CATHERINE THURSTON.

Illustrated by Lance Thackeray.



I.

What Trinder had done before the appearance of the poster was hazy; he was known to have dabbled in a fitful way at more than

one Art School; he was known to possess money and an inordinate desire for fame; beyond that, his personality and his outlook were negative. For a space of time he followed a certain routine, then he disappeared—effaced himself from London as a bubble effaces itself from the surface of a well, and the waters closed over the remembrance of him. Six months later the poster came upon the scene.

It burst on the town like a volcano. On the night of May the 3rd it was non-existent; on the following morning it was ubiquitous. Posters, like other things, are comparative; this poster capped and outshone all others, as electric light does a tallow candle. On May the 4th there was scarcely a man or woman in the whole Metropolis who did not, perforce and against all necessity, give a thought to "Renfrew's 'Ebony' Ink."

The picture was immense; it caught the eye and held the imagination—it struck one silent and made one pause. A woman's figure with face averted, executed boldly in dead black against a background of dead white. The drapery of the figure was simple with fine simplicity; the hat had a curve that no other hat had ever quite possessed; there was inspiration in the set of the shoulder-straps and genius in the skirt where it ended trailing in a blot of ink. People who understood such things felt, with a faint, underlying pang, that there was ample justification for the signature, "E. F. B. Trinder," scrawled so ostentatiously in the right-hand corner.

The poster appeared on May the 4th; in three weeks' time, Trinder was known. No one can tell exactly how these things occur; they possess a supernatural quality that is never quite accounted for. It may have been that he contrived the right introductions to the right people; it may have been that the gift known as "the knack of getting on" had been his from the first—lying fallow for want of chance. But neither really matters; the material point is that he did become known—became Trinder of the "ebony" poster, the man of the moment, if not quite of the hour.

He lunched out, dined out, supped out; men meditated upon him and women flattered him. He had achieved notoriety, he was well-looking and well-off; Society found him possible from every point of view. But the climax of his vogue was reached on the night of the Blue Moon Club dance.

The dance was a fancy-dress affair—not a great gathering, but a chosen one. Trinder, in a wonderful costume, came with Lady Applerid. On their arrival, they walked slowly through the rooms, momentarily joining one group, then passing to the next; Lady Applerid was a woman who did things in an easy, satisfying way. Finally, after a very lengthy tour, they entered the gallery of the dancing-room and paused, practically alone.

The gallery ran the entire length of the room, and was arranged for sitting out; at its further end the band played. Lady Applerid stopped beside a cluster of roses and buried her face in the flowers; Trinder, carrying her fan, turned to the gallery-railing and looked down on the gaily dressed crowd. For a minute or two he looked indifferently; then, with a sharp movement, he leant forward and the fan fell to the ground.

Lady Applerid glanced round.

He stooped and regained the fan. "Fortunately, it isn't broken," he said. His voice was hasty; his eyes went back involuntarily to the room below.

His companion smiled. "Are you good at breaking things?"

"Things?" He looked at her swiftly.

She laughed. "Oh! hearts, and promises, and things——"

He coloured a little, then echoed her laugh. "Come here," he said. "There's something to be seen."

She moved towards him, and together they leant over the railing.

Trinder pointed with the fan. "There," he said, "by the green pillar. Who is she?"

Lady Applerid looked; then uncontrollably laid her fingers on his arm.

"How wonderful!" she said. "Oh, how wonderful! Aren't you proud?"

The colour was still on Trinder's face; his eyes looked bright.

"But who is she?" he asked again.

His companion was engrossed. "I don't know. These Blue Moon people are always having fads. If you had had a model——"

"There was no model."

"I know that; you've told me." She leant further out. Her own dress of gorgeous colours and Oriental shape had suddenly fallen into blank disfavour; she felt that she had missed her chance.

Down below them, the woman they watched was holding a little court; others beside the artist had caught and had been held by the truth, the startling reality, of the effect she made. To say that she portrayed the famous poster was to be silent. She *was* the poster from head to foot. The hat, the skirt, the narrow shoulder-straps, the pose of the head, it almost seemed, were strangely accurate. Presently she turned, the light fell fully on her, and the two in the gallery saw her face.

"If your 'ebony' woman looked at us, that would be her face. It's marvellous! Ludicrously marvellous!" Lady Applerid's tone was sharp.

"But there was no model," said Trinder again. "Shall we go downstairs?"

II.

At the foot of the stairs, Lady Applerid was claimed by a partner, and Trinder was set free. In three minutes he was bowing before the lady of his poster, and in five he had borne her off from a group of discomfited men. The introduction had been a formality, the subsequent bearing off a mere matter of course; for the bluntest of possible partners had seen from the first that the two were foredoomed to meet and to merge interests. It was Fate.

"This is a great honour," Trinder said, unevenly, as they passed the line of green pillars and forced a way towards the gallery. His pride swelled with sharp intoxication; he heard the whispered comments; felt the glances, envious and interested; was conscious of the stir and curiosity in the air. "This is a great honour," he said again, and, saying it, he stole a glance at his companion's face.

Her features were finely cut, her mind was finely susceptible; she felt his glance and instantly responded to it. She looked at him with curiously fathomless eyes and smiled.

"What is one honour more or less," she said, "if all honours are deserved?" She spoke slowly and thoughtfully, smiling all the time. Had Trinder been an observant man, he might have noticed that the smile never left her lips—never extended to her eyes; but a month's success had intoxicated him, had left him slightly unbalanced—a trifle over-sure. He saw the smile, heard the flattery in the voice, and was satisfied.

As they mounted the gallery-stairs, her skirt—the poster-skirt—brushed his feet, and there was rare, new adulation in the idea. A slight, suggested scent wavered towards him as she moved; it even seemed, to his quickened senses, that her hand rested more heavily than was necessary on his arm. As they reached the final step, he paused and looked at her.

"Why did you choose the dress?" he asked, suddenly. "It must have taken uncountable thought and trouble and time——"

She glanced at him swiftly; then glanced down. "I chose the dress because I admire the work." She lifted her head again, and the enthusiasm in her face was a revelation. It was like a glimpse of hidden sea-colour caught in the turn of a wave. Trinder's mind swayed before it; he drew nearer by a step.

"How many dances will you give me?" he said. "I can't explain, but I feel as if I'd waited the whole of life for to-night—"

For the first time he was swept off his feet by a personality other than his own; for the first time he understood the meaning of infatuation sudden and complete.

The woman smiled again, but without surprise; she smiled like one who has weighed events beforehand and has found her calculations justified. She looked Trinder very straight in the eyes.

"As many dances as you like," she said. And this time there was no doubt at all that her fingers pressed his arm.

III.

That was the night of the Blue Moon dance. After that night things moved on oiled wheels; events and emotions crowded on each other. Trinder became the unit obeying a superior force—the ball in the cup of circumstance. More than one woman had smiled on him in the course of his career, but the *one* smile comes, sooner or later, to every man. With the advent of his poster lady, Trinder acknowledged not only the one smile, but the one glance and the one voice. He capitulated there and then.

He parted from her that night with permission to call the following afternoon. He left the Club in the early hours of a glorious summer dawn, with the vague knowledge that she was Isabel Yenda, the daughter of one American and the widow of another, and the fixed belief that her personality and nation were the most delightful the world possessed.

That was the night of the Blue Moon dance. As he stood outside the door of Mrs. Yenda's flat, on the last day of July, and musingly awaited the appearance of the maid, it might have been yesterday—or a year ago: time plays havoc with a man in love. As he stood there, he fidgeted. He had lost his imperturbable assurance—the assurance that had lent charm to his first success.

When at last the door opened and the maid stepped back, as in presence of an *habitué*, he walked into the hall with unceremonious haste. In the hall there

were dressing-bags and boxes already strapped—items that lent an impending loneliness to the soft-coloured walls. Trinder scanned them unpleasantly; then he pulled himself together and followed the maid.

In the miniature drawing-room, all pale blues and cool greens, the same foreboding reigned. Trinder walked to the mantelpiece.

Before leaving, the maid paused by the door.

"Mrs. Yenda is busy, sir; but she'll be with you soon."

He nodded silently, and the maid withdrew. Left alone, he picked up a magazine, dropped it almost at once, and crossed to the window. He was preoccupied; he was ill at ease. The place had a dismantled look. Books had been stacked, awaiting packing; several pictures had been taken from the walls. The owner's departure was evident on every hand.

Standing by the window, he turned and gazed into the court below. She had always made a feature of the court—it appealed to her. To-day the sun beat fiercely on it, the water in the fountain played fitfully, the drowsy pigeons plumed themselves with slow motions of the head. He watched the familiar scene nervously; then the door behind him opened, and he turned round.

She was wearing black; the fact struck him on the instant—black, as sombre and severe as the poster drapery. She, too, looked nervous;

her face was pale; there were dark shadows below her eyes; she came forward quickly, holding out her hand.

Trinder took it and held it for a moment.

"The last day—" He looked round the room.

She shivered slightly. "Don't!" she said. "I hate last days—everything that suggests finality." She walked past him to the cushioned window-seat and sat down.

He stayed where she had left him, making no attempt to move. In the window the silk blinds hung limp in the pulseless heat; from the court the drip of the water and the murmur of the birds suggested an inert world. At last he raised his head and spoke.

"You've been very good to me—these four weeks—"

Mrs. Yenda made no answer.

"You've allowed me to come here—you've allowed me to talk to you—"

Still she was silent.

Her silence unnerved Trinder. He walked hastily across the room and stood in front of her. "At first," he said, "I didn't question your kindness—the motive of your kindness, I mean. I simply took all you were good enough to give. But a day comes when a man must question. I've come to-day to talk of that—" He stopped again.

"Quite lately I began to question—" His lips were hard. Lady Applerid and her set would scarcely have recognised him as he stood there. He was no longer at ease, no longer self-assured; his face looked drawn, his eyes had a new expression.

His companion sat motionless.

Presently he shifted his position. "It's like this," he said. "All men have a certain armour of conceit; perhaps mine is an inch or two thicker than most, but that hardly matters. Now, a woman likes a man's work for the man's sake, or she likes the man for his work's sake. We'd all prefer to believe that the former is the case—I mean, in the one particular instance that really counts; and for quite a while I thought it about you." He stopped and shifted his position. "I thought it for quite a while; then I began to doubt. You can't tell—you can't know—what the doubt has been—" He stopped once more; there was agitation in his voice.

His listener turned to the window; one

hand rested on the sill. Its fineness and shape gripped Trinder with a physical thrill; he turned and walked back into the room.

"Answer quite plainly," he said. "Was it just the poster that made you notice me? Was it my work and not me that appealed—?"

She replied, after a moment's pause; her voice floated back into the room—a part and portion of the summer warmth.

"Yes, it was the poster."

Trinder's lips contracted. He stood for a moment irresolute; then he retraced his steps.

"I never did that poster," he said. "I'm a fraud—right through."

She turned and half rose; but Trinder, with his hand on her arm, pushed her gently back again.

"Listen!" he said. "I can't justify myself, but I'd like to state my case." He spoke rigidly and without a break.

His listener's eyes looked deeper than ever, her face preternaturally pale.

"It came about like this." He released her arm, and, walking to the stacked books, picked up a volume. "Some men are born with talent and without ambition; some are born with the two; but some—the most unlucky devils that breathe—are thrown into the world with an overpowering, unreasonable, incomprehensible desire for fame, and



It was Fate.

"TRINDER'S 'EBONY' POSTER."

with nothing else. I was one of these. As a child, I scrawled pictures in my copy-books when I ought to have been working sums; as a boy, I dreamt when I should have played; as a man, I had money—and my ambition—and I still dreamt. It was only a year ago that I woke out of that dream; saw tardily, but at least saw, that I had failed, that I was a slacker, a dabbler, a man who had gained the magic ring but would never step inside.

"Failure is a terrible word. I had no ideals, because I hadn't the artist's soul; but all my life I had craved and longed to set the world on fire—to make it blaze, if 'twas only for half-an-hour. Last autumn, I left England and went to Paris—bitterly forswearing art. But habit is stronger than resolution; October found me at the studios. There I dabbled as before; there came my chance, my temptation——" He turned the pages of the book with agitated haste.

His companion had risen; she leant against the window-seat, her lips were parted. "Go on!" she said, in a breathless voice.

"It won't take long. At the studios I met a Swede—a brilliant, erratic boy, as improvident and careless as a child, with genius in every stroke of his pencil—a chap with a shattered constitution and half a lung, who would sell his soul for a good drink or a good song. Well, last winter was severe in Paris—over-severe. After the first frost, we missed Svorsen from the studios. The first day, we spoke of him and wondered; the second day, we forgot. Things are apt to run like that in the Quarter. It was quite a week after, that, passing the house where he lodged, it struck me to look him up. I shall not easily forget that night. It was biting cold. I had seven flights of stairs to mount. As I reached the sixth landing, I heard Svorsen cough—that hollow, racking cough that consumptives develop at the end. As I entered the room—a whitewashed place, with a guttering candle, and walls scrawled over with caricatures, I saw him sit up in bed and wipe his lips. I saw that the handkerchief was stained——"

Mrs. Yenda moved sharply.

"Forgive me! It was a brutal detail. I will be very brief. Two days before, the boy had come to his last sou; for the two days he had literally starved. One can starve in the Quarter."

"I know."

Trinder looked at her, then went on. "It came to this: Svorsen, who had all the art that the gods could give, wanted money—wanted it horribly. I, who had more money than I needed, was set dead hard on art. As I tell it now, it sounds curt, cut-and-dried; but it wasn't. It came to me like an inspiration—the one inspiration of my life. It came in a flash, as I stood in the icy room and looked at the boy's face. He was going to die; I was going to live!" Trinder paused and returned the book to its place.

"I shan't tell you what I said or what he said; but dying men are quick of intuition. I wanted a picture that no one had ever seen; he possessed such a picture—he chose to call it his *chef d'œuvre*, and I couldn't contradict. It was only a poster study, but it was superb. Well, money can open even the temples of art. Svorsen had his *chef d'œuvre* and his hopes—but what are paint and paper to a starving man? I drove my bargain; I took my chance. The thing was magnificent, and it had been seen by no living man; he gave me his oath on that, and he was not the beggar to lie."

"By no man! What of the model?"

"Ah, I thought of that!" Trinder wheeled round. "I thought of that as I counted out the notes on his bed, and I questioned him. He looked at me, looked at the notes, then smiled queerly."

"*Mon ami*," he said, "there was no model; it was an imagination—a dream." Then he began to cough again."

"And you took the poster home?"

"And I took the poster home."

IV.

When Trinder ceased to speak, there was a pause—a pause so heavy, so long, so fraught with consequence, that he abandoned his hasty movements and stood rigid, his head bent, his hands hanging limp.

"I said I had no defence!" he broke out, at last. "You see, I was wrong in all my calculations. I thought that notoriety was the one thing on earth; I got notoriety, and found there was something better still——"

His companion looked at him; her eyes had never seemed so dark and never so unfathomable.

He took a step towards her. "Don't tell me that there's no forgiveness," he said. "I know there is none. I've nailed down my own coffin; but 'twas decenter than trying to saddle your life with a corpse, though it doesn't justify me." He spoke slowly, with a dragging slowness. Less than ever would Lady Applerid have recognised the Trinder of a month ago. With humiliation, his face

had gained in purpose, but the self-satisfaction was obliterated like writing from a slate.

Without looking at him, his companion moved forward, her skirts trailing and swishing across the floor. Beside a tall cabinet she paused; with her hand on the lock, she looked round.

"Come here," she said, gently. "Come quite close."

Trinder mechanically obeyed; he paused by her shoulder, watching in strained surprise as she searched in the recesses of a drawer. At last, she drew out a large square of rough paper and carried it, face downwards, to a small table.

"Come here," she said again.

Again with dazed method he obeyed.

With a swift movement, she reversed the paper and held it out.

He took it, as a blind man takes alms. In every point it was the counterpart of the sketch he had bargained for in Svorsen's room on the icy night eight months ago. He looked at it long, in a numbed way, replaced it on the table, then slowly raised his eyes.

She had half-turned to the window; her head was averted, her figure was cut sharply black against the sun. With a cold thrill, Trinder at last understood.

Understanding came first; then desperate incredulity. "You—and Svorsen! You—and Svorsen!" he said. His mind refused the conjunction.

She turned; the scent of her hair came to him faintly; her dark eyes searched his.

"A woman without interests and without ties does many foolish things," she said. "I, too, have studied art in the Quarter."

He watched her blankly; the pulses in his temples were throbbing uncomfortably; the blood was singing in his ears.

"But you—and Svorsen!" he said again. "It won't place itself."

She came nearer and touched his arm. "I told you I studied art; I haven't said I lived the student's life. I tried to be Bohemian, but I failed. I wasn't made that way; they all saw it—Svorsen most of all——"

"I can understand that."

"And because of the gulf——"

"He cared for you?"

"He dreamt that he cared for me. Such men don't really care."

"And you?"

She laughed nervously. "I was candid. I told him just the truth. I was a lonely woman; I had been lonely as a child, lonely as a girl, lonely as a wife. My husband's death left me frozen, and I had still to meet the man who could melt the ice." Her eyes drooped, then were raised again. "That was at a *bal masqué*. I was dressed like this." She put out her hand and touched the sketch. "Svorsen was cut-up. He threatened suicide, but he went home and did his master-piece. Things run like that in the Quarter." She smiled a little, repeating Trinder's words. "Next day, he sent me the sketch, saying he was making a secret of it, and asking me to do the same. At some future date it was to make his name." She smiled again.

"And then——?" Trinder's lips were dry.

"Oh, my mood had changed. I left Paris and went to India. I tried sport in place of art, but even sport did not satisfy. Last May, I came back to London. The first object that met my eyes at the railway-station was Svorsen's master-piece—but it didn't bear Svorsen's name."

"And you——?" Trinder's lips were drier than before.

She looked at him steadily. "I spoke of it to no one, but it gave me food for thought—I thought for days and days. There was something wrong somewhere, that was very clear, and I meant to know the man who had scrawled his name across my skirt. I cared nothing for Svorsen, but justice had always appealed to me. 'An eye for an eye' is a glorious sentiment. I have a passion for balancing things." Her hand continued to rest lightly on his arm; her eyes, with a strange, underlying expression, continued to search his face.

Before the look and the words, Trinder's stoicism gave way; with a hopeless gesture, he moved towards the door.

"I understand," he said, quietly. "All the kindness, all the encouragement, were steps in a rotten ladder—my fall was to be steeper at the end. Mind you, I'm not saying it wasn't all deserved."

She paled a little. "Wait a minute!" she said.

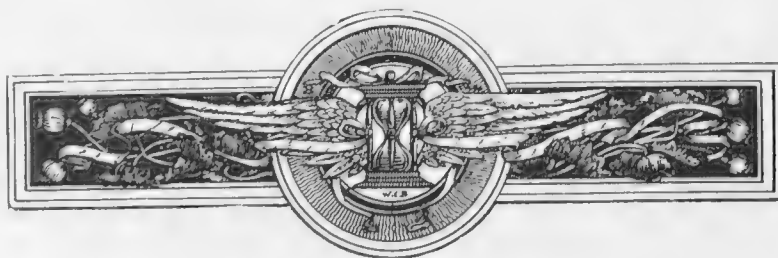
He paused.

She picked up the sketch and nervously rolled it up. "I wanted badly to play Deity; but there were two items in the game that I left out—entirely left out."

Trinder's hand was on the door-handle; it dropped to his side.

"What were the items?" he asked. His voice was dry and harsh.

She unrolled the sketch and rolled it again; then she threw it aside and came straight across the room. "Myself," she said, "and my own heart."





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE gaiety of London cannot help being increased by the return of Mr. Harry Nicholls from South Africa, where he has been fulfilling an engagement for the last six months or more. He is one of those genial humorists we can ill afford to spare to other countries even in our moments of greatest goodwill, for his unforced gaiety is literally infectious and he can keep an audience roaring with laughter where many another so-called comedian would leave it unmoved. This is demonstrated when somebody else tries to play what is called a "Harry Nicholls part" in the language of the theatre, for there is such a character, just as there is a "Mrs. Pat Campbell part," a "Willard part," or a "Wyndham part." The secret of Mr. Nicholls's popularity is that he has the true comedy of manner, which depends not on what the author gives him to say, but on the way he himself says it. He can get more laughter out of a simple phrase like "Ha! ha!" than many people can with a brilliantly funny line. Modern audiences know him as the author, or part-author, of more than one popular Gaiety play—among others, of "The Toreador"—and more than one funny farce, while he has also been responsible for many of the Drury Lane pantomimes. It is one of the ironies of his life that he wrote several of Old Drury's Christmas pieces which were belauded for their poetical feeling and grace when signed by another name, but were declared to be lacking in just those qualities when his name was attached to them. Mr. Nicholls's voyage must have been to him even as a yachting trip, for he is particularly fond of being on the water. It is to be hoped, however, that he will not go "yachting" back to South Africa in a hurry, in spite of many temptations.

It will be welcome news to many London and provincial playgoers that Mr. Wilson Barrett, after many striking successes in South Africa ("where the War was," as a modern John Willett might say), embarked for England, Home, and Beauty last Wednesday.

Mr. Barrett, who is even now (as I am notified) still suffering somewhat from his recent severe bouts of illness contracted in Kimberley, proposes to produce, soon after landing on these shores, the new drama which he has written around the late great King Alfred. This play, entitled "The Christian King," has already achieved much success in Australian and African playhouses.

I have received a good deal of material, and I note that already some paragraphic fuss has been made, concerning Mr. Richard Mansfield having arranged to "double" the parts of Brutus and Cæsar in his projected revival of "Julius Cæsar" in the States, for which production Mr. Mansfield is, I observe, credited with having purchased Sir Henry Irving's recent "Coriolanus" *mise-en-scène*. Putting aside the fact that, if this is true, the "Coriolanus" period scenery is scarcely applicable to the time of the "mightiest Julius," it may be

said that, to experienced playgoers, Mr. Mansfield's proposed "doubling" feat will not appear a particularly startling histrionic achievement. Some of us have in our time seen the late William Creswick (an actor much after Mr. Mansfield's method) essay in one evening such a difficult "doubling" task as Benedick and Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing"; also the late Charles Kean's "doubling" of Fabien and Louis de Franchei in "The Corsican Brothers," and the "doubling" of the heroic Lesurques and the murderous Duboscq in "The Courier of Lyons"—a couple of "doubling" feats afterwards performed still more skilfully by Mr. Hermann Vezin, and especially by Sir Henry Irving. A very fine

"doubling" feat was also performed by Mr. Beerbohm Tree as the falsely accused hero and the guilty murderer in "A Man's Shadow."

Perhaps the most realistic and certainly the most startling "double" ever performed by any actor within the memory of living playgoers was that carried out by Sir Henry's histrionic idol of his early youth, Samuel Phelps. This great actor had often enough, at the old Sadler's Wells, performed all sorts of "doubling" and "alternating" work, such as playing Othello on Monday, Iago on Tuesday, Falstaff on Wednesday, Hotspur on Thursday, Brutus on Friday, Cassius on Saturday, and a fresh set of similarly contrasted impersonations the following week. It was, however, at Drury Lane, in the latter days of the late F. B. Chatterton, that, after a series of such "alternations" as these, I saw Samuel Phelps perform his greatest "doubling" feat. This was in the late Andrew Halliday's drama, "The King o' Scots," adapted from Sir Walter Scott's romance, "The Fortunes of

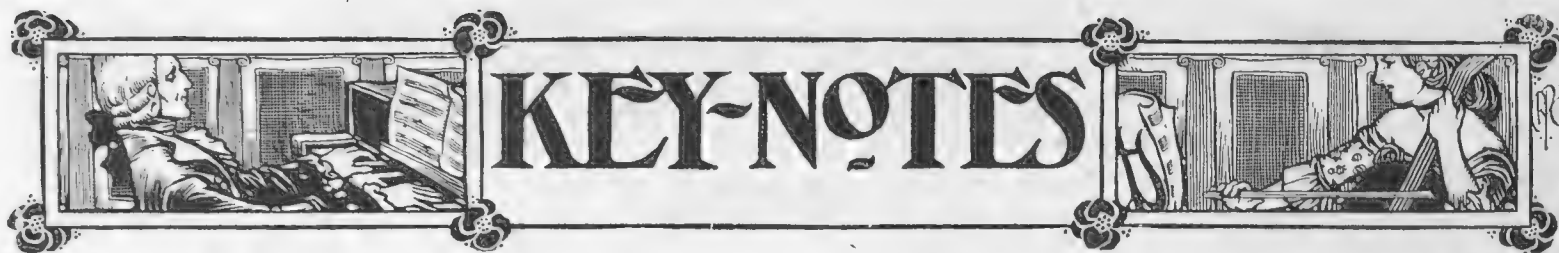
Nigel." In this drama, Phelps gave, in the first and last Acts, a most wonderful presentment of the learned but loutish James I., and in the middle Act—laid in that terrible quarter, "Alsatia," now known as Whitefriars—he turned on a terribly tragic impersonation (never to be forgotten by those who saw it) of the wretched and subsequently murdered Trapbois the Miser. The "creepiness" of Phelps's acting in this scene was truly awful!

At Kennington Theatre this week the attraction consists of the stirring military drama, "Tommy Atkins." Following this, Mr. Robert Arthur's season of West-End successes commences with Miss Annie Hughes and the Prince of Wales's Company in "A Country Mouse." The prospective engagements include Miss Olga Nethersole in "Sapho," "Merrie England" and the Savoy Company, "A Country Girl" from Daly's, "A Chinese Honeymoon" from the Strand, Mrs. Lewis Waller in a new play, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, and Mr. Tom E. Murray in the new musical comedy, "An English Daisy," by Seymour Hicks and Walter Slaughter.



MR. HARRY NICHOLLS AT HOME AGAIN.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



OPERA in English seems to be "catching on" in London. Under the direction of Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth, the Moody-Manners Company has proved itself capable of attracting really large houses to Covent Garden Theatre. For a beginning, the chorus has proved itself to be of quite extraordinary and exceptional merit. We

are so accustomed at Covent Garden during the Grand Season to a chorus which, to say the least, provokes critical abuse of a "blue" kind that suddenly to have to turn one's attention to a combination of singers alert, intelligent, and vocally true is one of those reactions for which one is naturally grateful.

The performance of "Faust," to take one specific instance, was, without any question whatever, one of the best recently heard in London, where, in that word "recently," one refers to a matter of some dozen years or so. The whole Company united to make the

success of the evening complete. The net result was that the opera seemed to be freshened to an almost incredible extent; one began to guess the reason of the popularity of "Faust." Thus sung and thus acted, the work did really seem to emanate, as Gounod wished that it might, from the ancestry of "Don Giovanni."

Possibly the greatest success of this particular evening lay with Mr. John Coates. Mr. Coates, as one is well aware, has struggled very valiantly against the adverse sentiment which seems to be universal, so far as music is concerned, towards what may be called an academic training. Patronised by Professors, exalted by Examiners, Mr. Coates in his first appearances did undoubtedly create around himself a certain atmosphere of jealousy. One had an uneasy kind of feeling that he was playing the part of a prize pupil. It is sufficient to say that now he has developed into a true and genuine artist. An admirable singer, he is scarcely a less admirable actor. Moreover, he possesses a lyric quality of voice which is of the utmost value in all operatic interpretation. "Common Chord" will have something further to say about Mr. Coates in relation with his performance in another opera. For the moment, apropos of this interpretation of "Faust," the Mephistopheles of Mr. Charles Manners may be briefly touched upon. Mr. Manners is, of course, a man of exceptional intelligence; but it is impossible for the critic to dissociate himself from the idea that this operatic artist is somewhat inclined to take himself "for granted." He too often (and particularly in this rôle) seems to rely upon a certain personal force rather than upon a studiously careful reading of a character. In a word, there were moments when you felt that both Faust and Marguerite ought to shake Mephisto into life. Madame Moody's Marguerite was excellently sung and very sweetly acted. She shows a more definitely histrionic spirit in this part than in any other of her repertory. Mr. Eckhold was the conductor on this occasion, and he did his work with care and with right orchestral appreciation.

The revival of Wallace's "Maritana" by the same Opera Company on Thursday night was achieved upon a very careful and conscientious level of design. The opera belongs to the very few works of its period which have survived upon the lyric stage. But Wallace was, in his way, a real and undoubted genius, and his gift of melody was finely enhanced by a very definitely artistic sentiment for the orchestra. He alone among the English operatic composers of his generation was able to capture the critical approval of even a Berlioz.

It stands to the credit of the Moody-Manners Company that this veritable freshest of melody came to one again in its original gaiety and sweetness. Here, also, Mr. John Coates emphatically scored. Wallace had an undoubted sentiment of humour, a humour surpassed among our own countrymen only by Sullivan; and to this particular side of Wallace's artistic expression Mr. Coates did the fullest possible justice. He sang charmingly and he acted with a grace and an appreciation of every point of his part that can scarcely be over-praised. Madame Moody, again, in the title-part was excellent in every respect; Mr. Charles Manners once more seemed to give a somewhat divided attention to the character of the King of Spain; and the minor details were, on the whole, excellently attended to. Take it all in all, the Covent Garden venture seems likely to be crowned with a quite remarkable measure of success.

Meanwhile, the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall have been also running an undoubtedly successful course. Although frequenters of these concerts are pretty familiar with the programme details with which Mr. Henry Wood provides them, the excellence of performance and the unbounded enthusiasm of the orchestra make of these entertainments quite an exceptional and unique attraction. In these days, the two musical trump-cards to play are, of course, Wagner and Tschaikowsky, and right merrily are the changes rung upon these two names at the Promenade Concerts. In the matter of solo performers, Mr. Newman has exercised a wide and liberal discretion of selection, so far as instrumentalists are concerned; we should, however, rather like greater vocal variety. COMMON CHORD.

Australia seems to be a land of singers, judging by the number who come over yearly to try their luck in the Old Country. The last is Miss Kate Traill, who recently made her début in a very successful concert which she gave at Bechstein Hall. Nature has been unusually kind to this little lady, for, in addition to her beautiful voice, Miss Traill happens to be pretty and charming, so it is easy to prophesy good fortune for her. As the best preparation for the concert-platform, she went on the stage for a few months—first at the St. James's and on tour with Mr. Alexander in a small part, and later at the Imperial, where she played Pauline Bonaparte in "Mademoiselle Mars," the part originally created by Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson. It is in the first of Pauline's costumes that the photograph shows her.



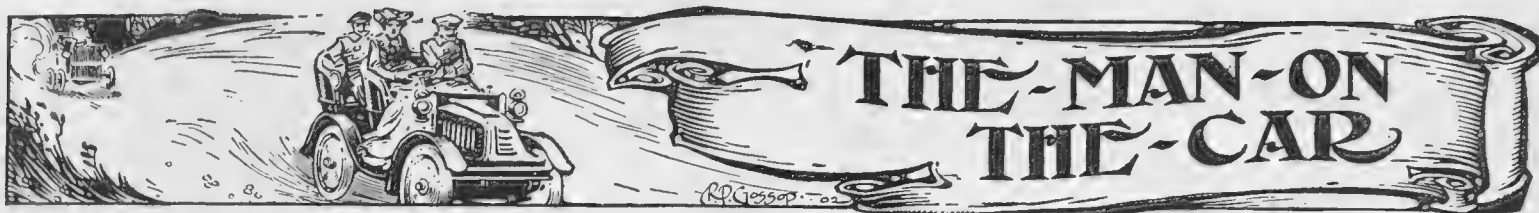
MISS KATE TRAILL, A BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIAN SINGER.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MADAME FANNY MOODY AS MIGNON.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.



Jarrott Among the Records—Splendid Control—Mudlarking by Night—Eighty-five Miles per Hour—An Ideal Road.

DOWN at Welbeck, when the Automobile Club of Great Britain held a series of kilomètre trials on the private road lent by the Duke of Portland for the purpose, Mr. Charles Jarrott, on the 70 horse-power Panhard car, was the fastest kilométrician, doing the course in 35 seconds. But he felt the yearnings of the record-breaker surging in his soul, and he thought of one or two little ways in which he might squeeze a few more miles per hour out of his car. Among them was the happy thought of trying the new Dunlop motor-tyres which have only quite recently been built for fast and heavy cars, and made their début in classic events when they bore the Gordon-Bennett Cup-winning car, unpunctured, over the precipitous Pass of the Arlberg and along the stony tracks that led to Vienna. To add the speed-test of the kilomètre record to the endurance-test of the Gordon-Bennett win would indeed hall-mark the new constructions of the pioneer Tyre Company as fulfilling the motorman's ideal. So a miniature reproduction of the Club trials was held. The Duke granted the ground again, the stumps of the certified kilomètre-posts were found unmoved, official timers from the Club clocked the spins, and the fastest of the five efforts of the fearless driver not only annihilated his own previous time for the course, but obtained for him world-beating honours, as his 28½ sec. for the kilomètre was a bettering of Mr. Vanderbilt's previous best.

I was among those who watched the eighty-miles-an-hour performances at Welbeck, and after they were completed Mr. Jarrott offered me a seat on the racing-car back to Nottingham. The journey that followed was all too brief, and I would fain have continued to London by road, instead of descending to the tameness of a mere express. There was to me a pleasure not only in the pure speed when an appropriately straight and empty stretch of perfect road let the fourth speed come into play, but also in the perfection of the manipulation of the mighty leviathan by the man at the wheel. In his hands it was as obedient as a little voiturette. Scarcely a muscle moved, and yet our rate ranged from a seven-fold smashing of the legal limit down to a walking crawl to let a donkey-cart go by. And I learned again the familiar fact that it is not the experienced driver of a car that can go fast who always does it. Care and caution are the chief ingredients in the successful flier's composition. Those who drive racers all out all the time are the men who crash into railings, find trees in the way, and leave a trail of wreckage behind them. But Jarrott behaved considerably to every horse-driver and used his giant's strength with consummate skill.

By rather a strange coincidence, I happened on the following day to be cycling on the Great North Road, not far from Biggleswade, when I heard the unmistakable purr of a high-power car, and there rushed into my field of vision the Gordon-Bennett Cup-winner, with Mr. S. F. Edge on board, giving the new owner, Mr. Arthur Brown, of Luton, his initiatory trip. After an exchange of gesticulations, we foregathered by the roadside, and I had the offer of another lift. Disposing of my cycle to the care of Mr. Albone, who has been making the first application yet recorded of a petrol-engine to the duty of reaping and binding, I took my seat on the footboard of the

celebrated Cup-winning Napier, and we glided away in the dark, with a single powerful acetylene eye on the forehead of the car scanning the road. We could see and be seen, and we could be heard, for the nominal silencer reverberated with a thunderous roar. Our going was into the teeth of a rain-storm which cut like sand, and, what with the wet and the darkness and the narrowness of the unfamiliar lanes on the cross-roads that we took (for it is expensive to drive on the main-roads down Huntingdon way), we never got above the second speed, and the clutch was necessarily withdrawn half-a-dozen times a-mile even on that. As I sat sideways on the floor, with my feet dangling between the mud-guardless wheels and with my eyes shut against the hurting rain, I reflected that no one else had yet ridden on both the winning cars, Jarrott's seventy and this vanquisher of the best Frenchmen. Puffed with this pride, I managed to persuade myself that the trip was enjoyable.

From Deauville comes the news that the kilomètre trials on the sea-front have caused a further upheaval of record times, Gabrielle, on

a Mors, doing 26½ sec., which means another five miles an hour on the eighty already done. The duel has therefore become triangular. Jarrott, Gabrielle, and Vanderbilt were first, second, and third in the Circuit des Ardennes. Vanderbilt, Jarrott, and Gabrielle have each since successively beaten the kilomètre record, but on different routes. A triple match would now be the finest sporting meeting imaginable.

A grand conception is about to be realised by the Touring Club of France, in the form of an ideal road from Paris to the Forest of Saint Germain. It is to be fifty yards wide. Down the centre will run electric trams. On each side of these a cyclist's strip is provided; on one side there will be an up-and-down route for automobiles, on the other side a double

width for horse-drawn vehicles, and on the outside edges paths for foot-passengers. Such a comprehensive assorted thoroughfare will make a magnificent boulevard.

MOTOR-CARS IN THE ARMY.

Although in the use of the motor-car for military purposes we are somewhat behind certain of the Continental countries, the British Army was the first to utilise motor-traction on the field of battle, for in the Transvaal the heavy engines did splendid service. Now, too, the War Office has purchased several motors, and is endeavouring, with the assistance of Mr. Mark Mayhew, to raise a corps of Volunteer motorists. It is not as yet contemplated to employ the vehicles for the transport of numbers of troops; they are at present chiefly used for scouting duties, and at the recent manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain Sir Evelyn Wood, General Sir Leslie Rundle, and General Plumer travelled over the scene of operations in cars. The Duke of Connaught uses his Napier constantly, Lord Roberts also employs the new vehicle, and at Aldershot General Sir Henry Hildyard has adopted its use. The car shown here is a 10 horse-power by Wolseley of Birmingham. Beside General Hildyard is seated General Douglas, and in front are the Aide-de-Camp and an Army Service-Corps driver.

General Hildyard.



MOTOR-CARS IN THE ARMY: GENERAL SIR HENRY HILDYARD AND STAFF ON THE WAR OFFICE CAR AT ALDERSHOT.

Photograph by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Doncaster—National Hunt Rules—Racing Fixtures.

I AM afraid Doncaster will be a tame fixture from a Society point of view, as so many of the local magnates are keeping holiday in Scotland at the present time, and they do not intend to entertain for the race-meeting. However, the sportsmen of Yorkshire will foregather on the Town Moor in their thousands as usual, for the Tykes would not miss the race for the St. Leger on any account. The contest is likely to provoke plenty of speculation, and some lively betting should take place after the numbers have gone up. Mr. R. Sievier has told all his friends that Sceptre is certain to win. On some of her form she ought to, but judged by her first performance at the Goodwood Meeting she should finish down the course. All will depend on the temper of the filly on the day of the race, and prudent backers will not support her until after the preliminary canter has taken place. St. Brendan, on the book, has a great chance, but he has of late been more or less under suspicion, and he may turn out to be either a champion or a flat-catcher. I am told that M. Cannon fancies the chance of Friar Tuck very much. The Newmarket people are going to give Fowling Piece one more chance, but I should not be surprised to see Cheers beat him wherever they finish. At present, I think the prize will go to Kingsclere, either by the aid of Friar Tuck or Cupbearer, and I should select the latter if both went to the post. If Sam Loates had the mount on Cupbearer, I don't think he would bolt out of the course again.

The National Hunt Committee have, I think, acted wisely in allowing one and a-half mile hurdle-races for three-year-olds. I expect we shall see some good flat-racers put to the jumping business now, and I do hope the sport under National Hunt Rules will flourish, as of late years it has sadly deteriorated. It was hoped when Ambush II. won the Grand National that steeplechasing would revive in this country, but, up to now, very few recruits have joined the cross-country business. We want owners like Mr. L. de Rothschild, Sir Blundell Maple, and Mr. King to put some of their flat-racers to jumping. True, we have good patrons of the winter game in the Duke of Westminster, Earl Cadogan, and the Duke of Devonshire, and now I am told Lord Dudley is to return to his old hobby. It is strange that Captain Bewicke should have given up steeplechasing, as he used to be so fond of riding a hard-puller over the Sandown country. Perhaps the market is too weak for so smart a speculator. I am told that H. Escott is preparing several jumpers at Lewes and that the

Irish division will send a big batch of smart 'chasers to England this winter. The Epsom stables will supply a goodly number. Mr. R. Sievier and Mr. T. Southall will, I am told, have a few jumpers in training, and Sir C. Nugent has a stable filled with useful animals.

It is about time a mild protest were entered against the slipshod manner in which the racing fixtures have been allotted this year. Take the present week. There is a one-day meeting at Sandown on Friday and a one-day meeting at Kempton Park on Saturday. Surely the Stewards of the Jockey Club know that two-day fixtures cause only half the trouble and expense to Clerks of Courses, the refreshment contractors, and, last but no means least, the General Post Office officials, who have to make very elaborate arrangements for postal and telegraphic business at race-meetings. The system of one-day meetings should be barred. Only to think of it! On Sept. 23 a meeting is to be held at Brighton, on Sept. 24 racegoers have to travel up to Lingfield, while on Sept. 25 they travel back to Lewes. Now, it does not require a big intelligence to guess that Lewes, being so near to Brighton, should have been given the middle day, so that racegoers from the Metropolis might have covered Lingfield on their way home. The fixture-list requires to be revised very materially, with a view to consulting the convenience of the paying portion of the racegoing public—I mean, those poor people who try to make a living out of it, but try in vain, owing, in the main, to the enormous expenses that are heaped on to them by unnecessary and ill-thought-out regulations.

CAPTAIN COE.

Dearly as the Englishman loves a horse, it may be doubted whether in this matter the Irishman does not take first place. At any rate, the Royal Dublin Society's Annual Horse Show at Balls Bridge has no rival in the United Kingdom, either as regards the number and value of the exhibits or its importance as a Society function. Dublin was alive with visitors last week from the Tuesday to the Friday, and Kingstown Harbour was crowded with yachts whose owners had brought parties of guests to attend this year's Show. Among the distinguished visitors were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Sir Albert Hime, Premier of Natal, and Mr. and Mrs. Seddon, who have been the guests of the Duke of Abercorn at Baron's Court. The number of the exhibits was about a hundred below that of the record year, 1897, and the standard, taken as a whole, was, perhaps, not quite up to the average.



MARE AND FOAL, FIRST-PRIZE WINNERS AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE mind, whether contemplative or merely calculating, is kept in a perpetual state of wonderment nowadays at many things, but at none more than the extraordinary extravagance in the wearing of jewels which women indulge in. This applies immeasurably more to fashionable places abroad than at home, *bien entendu*. For,



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ONE OF THE NEW JACKETS IN TAFFETA.

though most Englishwomen of any position or means (and not infrequently of neither) possess jewel-boxes in these ambitious and expansive times, the rule still obtains that great effects are reserved for the evenings in this little island, while abroad women triumphantly display their scintillating possessions to admiring daylight multitudes. Also, they indubitably wear more costly *bijouterie*. Everybody, for instance, at Trouville, Deauville, and Ostend, where I have lately been disporting myself, wore gorgeous diamond ear-rings of portentous size and undeniable first-water—this is a fashion which has but lately been revived here, but in a mitigated and abbreviated degree. Also those enormous corsage ornaments which flash forth from the laces of a Paquin gown with such dazzling effect were never missing from the ample fronts of the well-bestowed. Nor do I speak of the submerged, or, at all events, of the temporarily prosperous incognita, who literally flashed from forehead to waist with spoils and trophies. This expensive summing-up applied to nineteen out of twenty mondaines, and the twentieth was generally an Englishwoman, who, however rich, wore all her rings sedately on one finger and carried a string of imitation pearls round her throat. Not that one can scoff nowadays at either imitation pearls or jewellery when the marvellous productions of modern art are taken into consideration. Jewels have been largely used this season as shoulder-straps as well as ceintures, and nearly all the best models from Paris ateliers for forthcoming winter have the *décolletage* so fashioned as to leave the shoulder bare for a shoulder-strap of flowers, or more often jewels, strapped on a velvet background. Large jewelled clasps also appear on both shoulder and at waist. A Worth dress of white

crêpe-de-Chine shown me last week had a wide shaped flounce of Venetian point glistening with diamonds below the knees and a narrower one about the shoulders. White velvet straps clasped with diamonds did duty for sleeves, and a Swiss belt *en suite* bound a nineteen-inch waist.

Talking of waists, the short sash has reappeared in our midst, and, with a swathed waist, two loops, and one pointed end, makes excellent cause with white and light frocks, more especially when rendered in one of those exquisite floral ribbons that are so deservedly popular. As for collars—another inevitable detail of present costume—they are fast leaving their proper domain and developing into capelets or fichus, so enormous are the proportions of the latest shapes in lace.

Several correspondents yearn to be advised on the necessary mid-season outfit that will carry them through from now till mid-October. But it would surely take the wisdom of a feminine Solon to forecast each person's requirements without knowing what particular background they show against. Supposing them even to be of the ordinary smart or aspiring young woman order (and from their vague letters they might be portly mothers of families or school-girls, for all I know), it is still difficult to forecast their most appropriate outfits, so much depends on who you are and where you are going to. At Aix, for instance, one may be equipped to the last button or lead an undemonstrative, tailor-made life at will. Either is correct. You may even wear-out your summer frocks if drawn towards economy. On the other hand, at Ostend or at Homburg you are, socially,



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ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL DRESSES WORN BY MISS JULIE OPP IN "IF I WERE KING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

non-existent unless sartorially in evidence, and the latest expression of the newest fashion is not new enough for the expensive population that in each place foregathers. Country-house visiting varies quite as much. If one favours the four-day houses, where constant succession

of visitors ebbs and flows, then garments of great import and variety are indispensable. But if one's range lies amongst peaceful rectories or remote manor-houses, a tailor-made *régime*, with blouses for the evening, is all that custom asks. An invaluable travelling companion, whatever one's condition, is to be found in the black plissé skirt, whether of crêpe-de-Chine, mousseline, or spotted net. It lends itself in the most friendly manner to intercourse with various dainty little blouses and the ever useful bolero for *table d'hôte*.

I cannot understand why Frenchwomen, who are eternally remarkable for good taste, should have taken to the wearing of mittens this summer, but the fact remains. Their only advantage seems to be that they exploit rings, of which our Continental neighbours wear such quantities. But to me mittens are always so singularly unsmart, and if there is a use for them it would seem to be in covering up the wrinkled hands of very old ladies whose tissues are no longer in the plump prosperity of youth.

I believe most women in these undomesticated days leave the purchase of such household inevitables as soap, sugar, and candles to their domestics, reserving their own energies for more exciting objects. Therefore, when I am

told that the sugars of all sorts made by Crosfields, Limited, of Liverpool, are superior to all others that have ever been brought up or brought home from the West Indies, the news leaves me cold—and almost unmoved. Still, there must be some excellent women of housewifely instincts remaining in the land, and to them, in the most moving terms possible, I should wish to acclaim the excellencies of Crosfields, Limited, and their sugars, and to advise them to convert their grocers to the same state of thought with all despatch.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

L. F. (Abergeldie).—The Irish poplins are, I believe, made in all the different plaids—and no material wears better. SYBIL.

The handsome new premises just erected in Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn, for Messrs. Street and Company, are not only an ornament to that thoroughfare, but are interesting from the fact that these are the third set of offices occupied in the same neighbourhood by the firm

since its foundation in 1830. The first set was occupied for thirty-five years, and the business was then removed to No. 5, where Messrs. Street remained till quite recently. Partly owing to the Government requiring the site, and still more to the necessity for better accommodation for the greatly increased volume of business, No. 11 has now become the abode of "Street's." The head offices are, of course, in Cornhill, the West-End branch being in Piccadilly, and Messrs. Street have also an establishment which carries on a large business in New York.



MESSRS. STREET'S NEW PREMISES.

THE DRESSES AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Whatever may be the general verdict on the merits of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's play, "If I were King," from the point of view of chifions there can be only one opinion. The costumes, which are of the period of Louis XI. of France, are magnificent. In the first Act, set in the Fir Cone Tavern, Miss Julie Opp wears a voluminous dark-brown cloak, which, when thrown back, reveals a lining of orange-coloured silk, the colour of a fiery sunset. Underneath the cloak is a plain dark-brown dress cut in a square, and on her head she has a close-fitting cap made of strings of pearls. Mr. George Alexander, as François Villon, is a becoming ragamuffin in a harmony of red and brown. In the second Act, which sees the promotion of the hero to the temporary position of Grand Constable of France, he appears in a Venetian-red doublet, over which falls a cloak of cloth-of-gold. The turban-shaped hat and long boots are of the colour of the doublet. Katherine de Vaucelles in the Garden Scene wears the most bewitching of all her costumes. It is a pale-green brocade, with long, loose sleeves so thickly embroidered with paillettes as to seem two chains of jewels reaching to the hem of her gown. In her hair she has a simple fillet of the colour of the dress. The pages' costumes are a beautiful shade of pale pink slashed with white. Miss Julie Opp's dress in the third Act is made of red silk, which falls over red velvet. The gown is laced the whole way up at each side, revealing the velvet underneath, and the sleeves are of the same material. In the last Act she wears a plain white cloak edged with ermine, and a belt of silver, jewelled with topazes. The Queen of France, who appears for the first time in this scene and has nothing to say, has a long, dark-green gown embroidered with a gold pattern and edged with ermine. François Villon, when returning victorious over the Burgundians, is naturally in armour, although over the mail he wears a cloak of red slashed with yellow, and large plumes in his helmet.

This magnificent specimen of the goldsmith's art is designed in a bold Renaissance style, bearing on the obverse the full armorial blazon



CASKET PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING, CONTAINING A LOYAL ADDRESS FROM THE JEWISH COMMUNITY OF ADEN.

of His Majesty the King, beautifully carved and enamelled in proper colours, flanked on either side by views of Aden and Westminster Abbey, also executed in enamelled colours. The reverse of casket bears views of Windsor Castle and St. James's Palace enamelled on either side of the following inscription, which is engraved upon centre panel: "1902. To His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. on his Coronation: A Loyal Address from the Jewish Community of Aden." The designing and modelling of this Imperial gift was entrusted to the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.

Illustrated on this page is the King's official Coronation Medal, presented to the Colonial troops and Indian Princes at Buckingham Palace recently. The medal is made in both silver and bronze, and recipients can obtain a miniature in bronze from the makers. The special Coronation Medal presented to the provincial Mayors is made in silver only. The whole of these have been produced by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, 22, Regent Street, London, S.W.

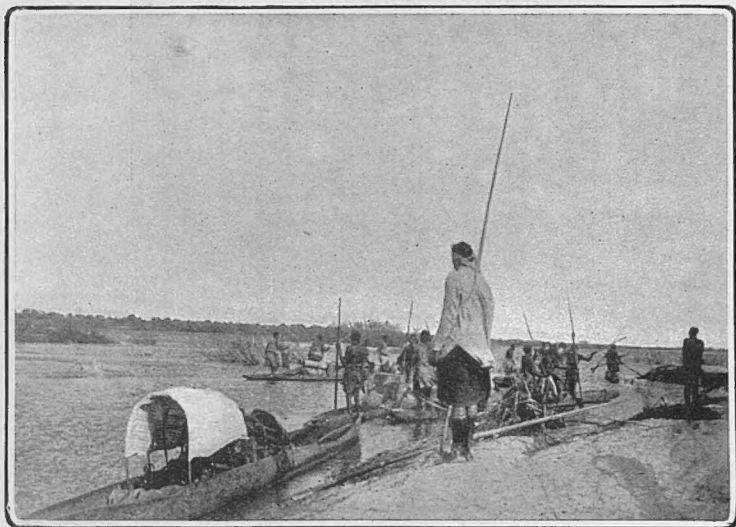
The *Strand Magazine* for September is a particularly good number and well maintains its place as one of the very best of the cheaper monthlies. It contains some interesting short stories, and among its articles is one which should be read by all feminine lovers of the theatre. "Would You be an Actress?" gives the opinions of most of our leading ladies, and is illustrated with photographs of these charming personages. A new feature is "The Humour of Sport," the first of the series being devoted to the Automobile. Mr. James W. Smith has written a delightful article, and this is interspersed with a number of clever cartoons drawn from the illustrated Press that should appeal to all who love a hearty laugh.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 9.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

BY degrees the City is coming back to its usual haunts after its usual holidays, and in the Stock Exchange they are discussing the prospects of better business this month. The latest scarecrow (or scarebull is, perhaps, a more appropriate word) takes the shape of dearer money, and the immediate outlook in the Consol Market is overshadowed by the coming French, Spanish, and Transvaal Loans. Home Rails are dull to steady, but Yankees are marvellously maintained, and the Canadian stocks have excellent traffics to help



A RHODESIAN INDUNA IN CHARGE OF CANOES.

their own strong markets. Beyond the excitement over the buying of Hudson's Bays from Montreal, there is but little noteworthy in the Miscellaneous Market. The Consol settlement passed off on Monday without any trouble, but apparently the bull account in Capel Court is still considerable, and until this is reduced it seems idle to look for any fresh firmness in the Funds. Mining Markets languish for lack of business, but Rhodesian Copper shares are commanding renewed attention upon the publication of some remarkable returns.

YANKEES AND THE VOTING TRUSTS.

While some of the dealers in the Yankee Market declare that their department has gone raving mad and others are overheard to remark that the biggest swindle which the world has ever seen is now in course of erection, the fact remains that prices keep high and show no signs of declining with any kind of slump. Twist and torture figures as much as you will, there is no getting away from the certainty that the market is completely under the thumb of the potentates who rule in Wall Street with rods that are forged to work the ends of their wielders, whatever fellow-shareholders may think about the way in which their business is being conducted. In this country, railway proprietors may be devoutly thankful that things are not as America makes them in her own continent. For trustees of a line to withhold an earned dividend simply because its payment might give an opposing clique its opportunity to acquire control of the line is a height of finance to which our own Railway Boards have not yet reached, nor are ever likely to. But that is the plain way of stating what is now occurring in the case of the Southern Railway and the Reading. As everyone knows, the reorganisation of these Companies left most of the power in the hands of certain Voting Trusts, and one of the conditions of their creation was that these Trusts should be dissolved upon the lines reaching that stage of prosperity at which dividends in full could be paid upon the Preference shares. Both Companies have come to this stage, but the Voting Trustees, in order to retain the power a little while longer, and so that they may be enabled to proceed with their personal plans without being liable to outside interruption, have calmly postponed the dividend in one case and paid only half the full amount in the other. Verily this sort of finance smacks of something more than ingenuity, and, if the public is to be tempted into Yankees again, it is a strange move on the part of the financiers.

OTTO'S KOPJE.

Our letter-box has brought us several inquiries about Otto's Kopje shares within the last few days, and we are asked as to what is the right thing to do at this present crisis in the affairs of the hapless concern. It does not take long to sum up the position. Without any warning, it was suddenly announced that the mine was shut down by reason of want of money, and that the manager was coming home to lay before the Board his views upon the situation. The shares have tumbled to a rubbish price, and at the time of writing are quoted at a penny either side of the nimble ninepence. "What are we to do?" cry shareholders who paid four or five shillings for the shares during the last little boomlet in them.

Frankly, we must own to distrusting any hope of a successful career for the Company. At several times in the past the shares have looked a hopeful gamble, but again and again anticipations have failed to materialise, and there appears to be nothing in the immediate future but reconstruction and a possible assessment of two shillings or half-a-crown per share, while the prospects of the Company's success seem to grow ever more illusory as time goes on. By hanging on to his shares now, the proprietor, of course, retains his chances of being able to sell at a better price if any attempt were to be made to start a market should reconstruction come to pass; but, on the whole, it may be less disappointing to cut the loss now, and have done with such a poor gambling counter as Otto's Kopjes have proved themselves to be.

THE TEN-POUND-NOTE GAMBLER.

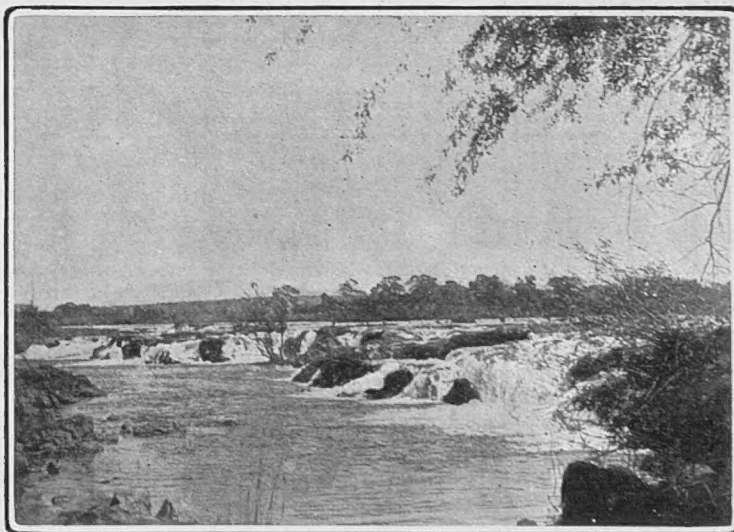
To be credited with a sort of semi-omniscience has its dire disadvantages, as everybody who writes for the Press will tell you, but perhaps the financial journalist feels the horror of the situation most of all. For upon his answers depends money, and thereby hang most tales. For instance, a correspondent comes along and says he wants to play with a fiver or a tenner, and what do we advise? The first and best impulse is to sit down and write an answer telling him to put the money in the Post Office Savings Bank or invest it in accumulative Consols for the sake of a child or a charity. But, on second and worse thoughts, you come to the conclusion that this sage advice will most certainly be disregarded, and that the money will probably be sent to some touting bucket-shop for "investment" on the cover or option or prudential system, which is, as a rule, about as hopeless an investment as can be made in the wide world. What, then, are we City Editors and financial writers to do? Well, if people must gamble with fivers and tenners, all we can say is, Go to the Miscellaneous Mining list, and look up such things as Lisbons, Balkis, Day Dawn P.C., or Spitzkop—almost anything will do so long as it has no great liability attaching to it in the shape of uncalled capital. Some day, when Kaffirs come along again, these things will move as well, and it is better to have a Mining certificate to look at than a contract on the cover system. Yet we do not like advising the purchase of rubbish, and only the insistent demand for "cheap" speculations leads us to make the above remarks.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

At length have we cast the mud of August from our feet; at length have we entered upon the season of partridges and business prospects. For September is the month in which we may not unreasonably hope for better business. You, dear, foolish, much-loved clients, are returning from your holidays, are wondering—many of you—how on earth you will be able to economise sufficiently to make up for the expenses of your annual outing. And you will infallibly come to the conclusion that economy is absolutely impossible—it always is in these so quickly whirling days. To the House then, O Israel! To the House, and profits which are larger in imagination than they will be nine-and-ninety times out of a hundred. But it is not for me to warn you against the *petits chevaux* of the Kaffir Circus, and all I ask you to do, my gentle one, is to remember, when you come your cropper, that you'd have been a richer man had you listened to the unpopular negative advice of one who is no admirer of the game of speculation as played by the outsider.

A richer man, I say. But there a pause creeps into the place in my head where the brain ought to be. ("There is one disease, my son," says the wonderfulest Mother whom the world now knows; "there is one disease which you will never die of," and I meekly acquiesce.) How about the Lady Speculator? Does not she make money? Speaking with a certain amount of experience, I should say she was ever more unfortunate than her brother-man, whose disadvantages in speculation she possesses in a more aggravated form than he. For instance, she wildly rushes to sell when prices go against her, and just as eagerly dashes in a buyer at the time when some puffing bucket-shop is lavishly advertising the golden attractions of a wretched mine that is best given the widest possible berth. Moreover, the average lady punter never quite grasps what to a masculine mind are mere elementals in the game, and the consequence often is that she quarrels with her brokers more frequently than with her cooks, and is in a continual state of semi-irritation, of half-cherished feeling that in some way or other the jobber is getting more than a fair turn out of her business or the broker an extra commission because she is doomed to skirts. No, I do not think that ladies make ideal speculators, and, lest it be thought that I am throwing any reflection upon them, I must, hand upon heart, vow that no more subtle compliment could be paid them.



GNOMBWE RAPIDS, RHODESIA.

Notwithstanding all the assurance which now echoes and re-echoes from every side as to the absence of the American invader in the iron and steel markets of our tight little island, the reports of the Companies which are interested in those trades do not make the pleasantest reading. The Bolckow-Vaughan figures are very discouraging, and the comparatively poor results achieved by Pease and Partners are fresh in most people's minds, of the shareholders' minds at all events. Richard Hill proprietors are receiving 8 per cent. as against 10 per cent., and so the tale goes on nearly all through the list. It is difficult to resist the impression that perhaps some of our great Companies allowed themselves to be overcast by the ridiculous fears of Yankee competition which were so boomed not many months ago. In other directions it is said that our manufacturers are more than keeping abreast with the competitors from over the "Pond," using the same machinery as they do, and withal turning out better-class goods. One wishes that the same could be said about the iron and steel trades, but it is greatly to be feared that, despite the enterprise of Sir Christopher Furness and one or two others, the British manufacturer fails to realise his own strength, his own commanding position in the markets of the world which his supineness is allowing to weaken.

The Kafir Circus fails to reply for long to the touch of its trainers. A flash for a day or two, perhaps even for a week, and then it all dies away. The controlling houses, with shares galore in their strong-boxes, do try very hard to infuse an occasional spark of life into the limp business, but, after they have had their little innings, out goes all the illumination again, and trade drifts back into its normal channel of deadly dullness. If there be anything surprising about prices at all, it is their steadiness, for any momentary depression is usually succeeded by a tightening-up once more. Herein should holders of Kafir shares find one of the best reasons for their hopes of cheerier days to come. When business is slack, prices nearly always follow its example, and, with orders as few and far between as they are at present, the natural trend of the market would be downward. That it rather tends to the other direction is an excellent sign of higher prices in the days that are coming. September and October are promising months, the labour situation is growing less strained, there are hundreds of new issues awaiting flotation, and the production of gold goes on with very few breaks; here you have a quartette of common-sense reasons for bullishness, while, on the other—well, you have the sheer cussedness of natives and other things, and, of course, both are factors of no small importance. If business improves, prices will go better; and if prices advance, business may wake up. But No Trade must spell No Improvement in the market.

It is high time that information of some kind besides application for a call should be vouchsafed to shareholders in the British Columbia Financial Trust and General Corporation, Limited. Strong representations in the financial Press have failed to draw the Directors into a balance-sheet or report, and now the matter has got into the hands of the Defence Association of Shareholders, a body which I must confess to having never heard of before the other day. Apparently this Defence Association wants to get up an agitation against the British Columbia Financial Trust, and, cordially as I sympathise with the demand for information, I must candidly admit I do not like to see it presented by what appears to be a professional Company-investigating concern. In such matters as these, shareholders should move of themselves, and strong pressure applied by a few earnest proprietors would be more convincing to any Directors than that which has professional agitation for its main motive-power.

For Great Central issues to spurt upon the old stories concerning American control is just a shade irritating. Are we not all growing a wee bit bored with this cry of Americanism? Great Central stocks will always be a popular gamble at times because of the line's proximity to powerful neighbours, one of whom will, in all human probability, take over the "Sheffield," as we still call the Company in the Stock Exchange. "Sheff. B" looks a fair investment-gamble, and may be put up another ten points if the present interest which is taken in the stock should continue. The danger of buying any speculative Home Railway stocks is that all interest may die out of them for months and months, when the holder can only wait wearily for the next spurt, unless he become so sickened of his stock before that time that he resolves to cut his loss. But if he does not mind locking up his capital for an indefinite period, I do not think that anybody can hurt with Great Central stocks, Districts, or even Little Chats. But, as is aforesaid, speculation is hardly a paying game, and what you make on the swings you lose on the roundabouts unless you are a good deal luckier than most of the operators who have come into contact with the Stock Exchange and

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Aug. 30, 1902.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DE FOE.—We cannot tell when "Barneys" are likely to get a dividend or bonus, but should say the shares are worth holding for higher prices, as well as Johannesburg Estates. As to your "speculation," Nos. 1 and 2 we refer to in our Notes, but 3 and 4 should be left severely alone.

G. W.—Please see this week's Notes.

X. X. X.—Were they our own shares, we should keep them, in hopes of an improvement.

ALEXANDER.—By purchasing a life annuity you should get about 8 per cent. or a little over. The Equitable, the National Provident Institution, and the Prudential would all be safe enough. Ask for quotations from each of them and divide your money between the two that give the best return. To obtain 4½ to 5 per cent. on the balance of your capital, divide it between the following: (1) Inter-oceanic of Mexico Railway prior lien bonds, (2) Imperial Continental Gas Stock, (3) Industrial and General Trust Unified Stock, (4) *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Preference shares.

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The photograph of Lady Coleridge published in the *Coronation* Number of *The Sketch* was not a portrait of the wife of the present Peer, but of Amy, Lady Coleridge, the widow of the former Lord Chief Justice.

The Great Northern Railway Company are, as usual, making very extensive and complete arrangements in connection with this year's Doncaster Races. The ordinary splendid service of eighteen express trains from London (King's Cross) will be fully maintained and additional expresses will be run on each day. Luncheon or dining cars, first and third class, are attached to several of the express trains between London and Doncaster.

Doncaster September Race Meeting is one of the most popular of the year, and, with the promise of good weather, will be sure to attract a large gathering for the great races on Sept. 9, 10, and 12, the events including the Yorkshire Handicap, St. Leger, and Doncaster Cup. For the meeting, the Great Central Railway will, on Sept. 8, 9, and 10, run cheap fast excursions, first and third class, from London (Marylebone Station) to Doncaster.